THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A HOME IN THE HEART.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold, it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.

But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awakened, will never depart;
Turn, turn to that breast like a dove to its nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.

Then the frowns of misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of sorrow may start;
But a star never dim sheds a halo for him
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

[This serial was commenced in No. 13, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

"Avast there, youngster; what are you going to do?" "I am going to speak with the captain, and ask him why I have been kidnapped."

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

Jack Dinsmore was a practical joker, and this statement was greeted with derisive laughter, during which he proceeded to stow away an ounce of pigtail tobacco in his capacious cheek. Tobacco is the seaman's glory, and without it, how would he pass away the lonesome hours in the forecastle and on deck. Say that it is a bad habit, it is one which gives pleasure, and is not so bad as many things in which they might indulge. There are few seamen who do not use the weed in some form, and no one in the forecastle of the Dolphin but had a quid in his cheek or a pipe in his mouth. Let us pass over this little foible, for theirs is a hard life.

"This ghost I was talking about is the ghost of a Kanaker, that we used to call "Lobscouse" for short. A harpooner, he was, and struck for old man Manning before I took up the harpoon in the mate's boat. He was a good harpoon, that I'll say for him, but he had an awful temper, and one day the mate, Mr. Fletcher, hit him over the head with a belaying pin. It was an awful lick, and Lobscouse dropped as if he had been shot, with the blood running out of his mouth and nose. He got over it so as to go back to his duty, but he wasn't the same man. Before he got that blow, he was a happy kind of chap, and used to give us lots of sport in the fok'sel. But, now when he was off duty, he'd sit moping on his chest or in the tops, and he never kept his eyes off Fletcher for a moment. I think the mate got to be afraid of him, though he never threatened anything; but I heerd the Dickey tell Captain Manning that he'd not sail any longer in the Dolphin if Lobscouse staid on board; and the old man agreed to give him his papers in Honolulu. That very night, when Fletcher had the deck, and I was on the lookout on the to'gallant fok'sel, I heard such a scream as I never heard before in all my life, and when I ran aft, there lay the mate, dead as a herring, with this in his heart."

He thrust his hand under the blankets of his bunk, and took out a strange-looking knife. It was made of some hard wood, common to the South Seas, but little softer than lignum vitæ. At one end it was brought to a needle-like point, and the other was rudely fashioned into a handle, which could be readily grasped. Along the edges of the knife small shark's teeth had been set, pointing on one edge towards the sharp end and on the other towards the handle. It passed from hand to hand as the sailor went on with his tale.

"We all knew that Lobscouse owned the knife, and had killed the mate. But from that day, nearly two years ago, no man has seen him alive. Once a year he comes back to the Dolphin, on the night of the murder, and goes through the scene again. Where he went to no one knew, but when we came to break out the cargo we found a white skeleton; and the rats——"

"Hush up, Jack," said Tatty. "Don't you know anything?"

"I ought to have my head broke in a dozen pieces, and I beg your pardon, little one. Why, here's the first mate."

Dan had come down the ladder silently, and stood looking at Dick with a strange, yearning look in his eyes. At that moment he was sorry that the temptation had ever come in his way, and delighted beyond measure that he had come in time to save the boy.

"I don't suppose you want to see me, my lad," he said; "but whatever you do at any other time, no talking before the men. How do you feel now?"

"I am much better."

"I never should have forgiven myself if it had turned out badly," he said. "I ought to have put you in the 'brig,' as I intended. But you put temptation in my way, and I had to shut you in. The fact is, we were a little short of men, and I intend to give you a cruise; will you, or will you not? Take good care of him, Tatty, and when he is strong enough for duty, report to me."

He turned and went on deck.

"Did he shut the chicken up in the hold?" said Jack Dinsmore. "Now that is what I call bloody mean in any man, if it is our first Dickey. He ought to have command of some blamed lime-juicer—that's what he ought."

"Don't blow about your officers, Jack," replied Tatty. "You ought to be old enough to know better than that."

"I always liked Dan," replied Jack, "but this ain't the kind of trick that suits me, you bet you. It ain't fair, so to speak. Give a man a chance for his life, I say, and then hang him if he won't take the chance. Do you want to hear about the ghost?"

"No; I laid that ghost long ago, myself," said Tatty. "My boy, don't believe a word Jack says, for as true as you are born I've sailed on the Dolphin ten years, and there never was a mate named Fletcher, or a Kanaka called Lobscouse."

"Do you mean to tell me that I am a liar!" roared Jack, starting to his feet with the knife "which stabbed Fletcher" in his hand.

"Yes," replied Tatty, "you lie like a thief, and I can prove it."

For a moment Jack stood clasping the knife, and looking into the steady eyes of the island prince. But he did not quail, and Jack dropped into his seat, with a short laugh.

"I believe you are right, Tatty; I was yarning it a little, and you caught me at it. Eight bells; time to turn in."

CHAPTER VIII.

GENTLEMAN DICK.

Three days later, still a little stiff from want of exercise, Dick Fenton came up the companion ladder, and stood upon the deck of the Dolphin. It was a beautiful day, and the great ship was ploughing her way through the amethystine waves at the rate of ten knots an hour, for the ship was built upon the best models of her day, and was reputed one of the fastest of all the whaling fleet. Two men were at the wheel, the lookout was perched on the to'gallant forecastle, Dan Forsythe had charge of the deck, and his men were scattered about, ready for duty at a moment's notice. As Dick touched the deck, the first mate, who was standing on the quarter deck, hailed him.

Dick hesitated for a moment, and then walked straight up to the man who had kidnapped him.

"I am quite well now, Mr. Forsythe, and being so, I wish to ask what you intend to do with me?"

"I intend to set you to work," replied Forsythe, promptly. "Understand me fully, my lad, I am not your enemy any farther than this: Your friends inform me that you have been a bad boy, and that a sea voyage is for your good, and have placed you under my care. I will make a man of you before the three years' cruise is up."

"But I don't understand you, sir," said Dick, bewildered by the coolness of the mate. "What have I done at home, that I should be sent away?"

"If you have cheek enough to say that you don't know, you will say anything, and I will not bandy words with you. I am going to put you in my watch, and Tatty will teach you your duty. It is no use for you to kick against it, for your name is on the ship's books, rated as an ordinary seaman."

"But I never signed the articles," said Dick, bewildered.

"Of course not; you are a minor, and as such, your friends have signed for you. Go forward, sir; your number is 27, and your station the main yard when setting and taking in sail. Do you understand?"

"I think I do as far as this: I have been kidnapped, and brought on board this ship against my will. Some person, unknown to me, has signed articles for me, giving out that I have done something wrong at home, which is false in every point."

"Do you refuse to do your duty?"

"I refuse to be regarded as a member of the crew, and shall appeal to the proper authorities to be set free."

"If I order you to go forward, do you refuse to obey?"

"No, sir; you, having charge of the deck, have a right to order even a passenger to leave it. I am not going to mutiny, and give you a chance to shoot me."

"Some one has been posting you in ship law, then. The old man was right when he called you a sea lawyer. Go forward, sir, and take your station at the heel of the bowsprit!"

Dick obeyed promptly, and seated himself on the heel of the bowsprit, close to the place where Tatty stood. The mate followed, looking at him with an evil eye.

"I give this young man in your charge, Tatty," he said. "You will learn him the ropes at once."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Tatty.

"And he would do well to pick up as quickly as he can, for I will have no skulkers on these decks while I have charge of them. I warn you, my lad, not to make an enemy of me."

He walked back to his station, just as the captain emerged from the cabin. Dick started impulsively forward to meet him, but Tatty laid a firm hand upon his arm.

"Avast there, youngster; what are you going to do?"

"I am going to speak with the captain, and ask him why I have been kidnapped, and who signed the articles in my name."

"You ain't going to do anything of the sort. Come to anchor on that bowsprit, and listen to me. Now you'll understand that I've followed the sea for many years, because I preferred it to ruling over my tribe. Some day I'm going back to them, to take my old place, and try to teach the fools something, same as I am trying to teach you. Now see here; you are at sea, and more than a league from land, and the only government you've got is the government of this ship. Very well; what can you make by kicking up a row?"

"I don't know, but I want to give them a piece of my mind."

"You want to git your brains knocked out; that's what *you* want. Now I know Captain Manning, and a better man never sailed a ship. I believe, as you do, that you have been wronged, but he has been made to believe that you are a bad fellow, sent to sea by your friends, in order to reform you. He'll try to reform you, if he breaks your back trying, and you wouldn't want to be seized up to a grating and flogged?"

"Flogged!" cried Dick, his nostrils dilating. "A blow to me! I believe I'd kill a man who did that."

"And be hung for mutiny on the high seas. Will you take advice from me?"

"I'll do just as you say."

"Then go to the captain when he calls you, as he will be sure to do, and salute him as your superior officer. You'd do the same if you were an officer in the navy, and lots of gentlemen get there; lots of snobs, too, for I know the blue jacket life, myself. Say to the captain there has been a mistake in bringing you here, but that you would sooner work than loaf, and are ready to do your duty like a man."

"I don't like to acknowledge that they have any claim upon me."

"But they *have;* the old man would not have any boy that was not regularly shipped, and you can bet your name is down on the ship's books, all right. Captain Manning thinks you have done wrong, and your only way to convince him of his mistake is to do your duty from the start, and, if anything, work a little harder than the others. Now don't this look like good advice to you?"

"I'll do just as you say, Tatty," said Dick, after a moment's pause. The captain and mate were talking together, and after a while, Dick was called, and walking aft, he saluted the captain by removing his cap.

"Now, my boy," said the captain, "I hear that you are inclined to mutiny?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, I am ready to do my duty. I have taken the advice of an old sailor, and he tells me that, no matter how I was brought on board this ship, I have only to do my duty faithfully now, and leave it to you to do me justice. I only ask one thing, captain; we shall cross the track of homeward bound ships, or go into port before many months. I will give you the address of my mother, and also of my uncle Richard, and I ask you to write to them, and let them direct letters to Honolulu. By the time we come back to that port you will know that you have been deceived about me."

"A sea lawyer!" grumbled the captain. "Salt-horse and sea-biscuit will never take that out of him."

"Salt-horse" is the sailor's name for the lean corned beef which forms so large a portion of his daily fare. Others call it by a tougher name, "Mahogany!"

"If you will write down those addresses, and promise to write to them, you will do me a great favor. I cannot bear to be thought a wicked boy, for I don't think I am."

"Blamed if I don't believe the boy is right," said Forsythe, suddenly. "Will you do your duty, and not try to escape, until the captain gets answers to his letters?"

"Yes. I'd like the cruise well enough, but I want to make it of my own free will."

"That's fair enough," said Captain Manning. "You write those addresses some time to-day and give them to me, and I'll send the letters. And if I find out that a gentleman has been kidnapped on board this ship, I'll take a journey to the North Pole to lick the man that is at the bottom of the game. Now, then, I've seen you go aloft, and I know that you will make a smart reefer, but can you pull an oar?"

"I don't think I can be easily beaten at it, captain, as I pulled stroke in our boat club, and had the training of one of the best oarsmen of the East."

"Perhaps you can steer?"

"I've steered a light yacht a great deal, and I think I could learn to take my trick at the wheel."

"What 'lay' do you want?"

"I don't think I understand you, sir."

"Every man on board this ship has a certain 'lay,' or share in the net proceeds of the voyage, depending entirely upon his rating. For instance, a harpooner gets more than an able seaman, an able seaman more than an ordinary, and so on down."

"As to the money, sir, I don't think I care for that. In order to show you that I was trusted at home, I will show you that I had nearly two hundred dollars in my pocket-book when I was in New Bedford, and I shall be a very rich man some day. I have not done anything wrong, sir, and now I can only thank you for your kindness and go to my duty."

"I'll put you down for the two hundredth lay," said the captain, "and I will rate you higher when you are worth it. Is he provided with a 'kit,' Mr. Forsythe."

"Yes, sir; his chest is in the forecastle."

"Then he'd better go below when the watch is called and unship those long togs. The idea of an ordinary seaman with broadcloth clothes and a gold watch is comical enough."

The shrill call for the "port" watch was heard directly after, and among the rest Dick went below. He felt better, now that he had explained to the captain, and proceeded to examine his "kit."

The chest was a good, solid, substantial one, and had been bought, together with the clothing, of an "outfitter," in New Bedford, and brought on board by Forsythe. He found in it everything which a man could possibly need in a three years' cruise, from a jack-knife up. And in a sort of till at the bottom, he found several pounds of smoking tobacco, and below this a small caddie of "navy plug" chewing, with a box of pipes.

"Thunder!" said Dick. "Here is something for you, Tatty."

Tatty looked into the box and laughed aloud.

"The outfitter thought it was a regular ordinary seaman, and knew our failings. *I'll* smoke on your lot and chew your tobacco, my boy, since you don't want it. And now, men of the starboard watch, on the whaler Dolphin, let me introduce you to Gentleman Dick, the sailor. For I'll make a sailor of him, unless my hand has lost its cunning."

And Gentleman Dick was christened then and there; and so he was known to the crew of the Dolphin.

CHAPTER IX.

DAN FORSYTHE'S NEW ALLY.

Dick, now fairly enrolled as a hand before the mast, began to enter into his new duties with a zeal which was a part of his nature. He was a natural sailor, and his skill as a yachtman, and practice in the rowing club, had made his work easy for him. Hour after hour, in pleasant weather, with the consent of the captain, he roved about the ship's rigging with Tatty, or sat in the foretop, while that keen professor in the sailors' art gave him lessons which he never forgot. He knew every line, rope and halliard; every sail, and its proper use. He could hand, reef and steer in a short time, and could make a knot or splice with the best sailor in the crew. And the men loved him, too; for he was just the sort of boy to win their regards. Open as the day, of a frank and merry disposition, he won their hearts rapidly, with the single exception of one man, a hard-faced Maine 'longshoreman, who was considerably favored by the first mate.

Rodger Binks had left the state of Maine under a cloud. Indeed, it had been whispered that if he had remained long enough in Eastport to allow the sheriff of that county to find him, he would have graced the cells of a large stone building, the property of the State, vulgarly known as a State Prison. The nature of his crime was not known to any one, with the exception of one person, and that one was Dan Forsythe.

They were nearing Rio one day, when Forsythe called out this man and ordered him to come into the hold with him, for the purpose of "breaking out" a cask of pork. They threaded their way among the casks, until they came nearly to the forecastle bulkheads, when Forsythe set his lantern on a cask and sat down.

"Come to anchor on that cask, Binks," said the mate. "I've got something to say to you, and I don't mind if I say it here."

Binks obeyed, and showed a face which exhibited a strange mingling of cunning and fear.

"What do you want with me?" he said.

"Not much; I am only going to tell you a story."

"You didn't bring me down here to yarn it, I hope?" he replied, sulkily.

"Keep your temper, my good man; keep your temper. I can't think of a worse legacy a father could give to a child than such hot blood as yours. It is sure to bring you into trouble, at one time or another, and really you ought to control it."

"I ain't a going to be drawed like a badger by you nor nobody else."

"Who is trying to draw you like a badger? My dear friend, I don't need to do anything of that kind; I know all about you."

The man started up from the cask, and thrust his hand into the bosom of his Jersey, but stopped immediately as he saw that Dan held a pistol in his hand, cocked and ready.

"It won't do, Rodger *Bates,*" he said emphasising the last name. "I know that you are handy with your knife, and prepared myself to meet you like a man. Now, are you ready to hear what I have to say?"

"Drive ahead," was the sullen reply.

"You are a 'longshoreman, and lived not far from Portland. In plain words, you were a wrecker, and it was even said that ships sometimes mistook their course, because you put out the beacons and lighted them in other places. I know that you were none too good for it, and how long do you think you would have to live, if I walked into the forcastle of the Dolphin, and told the boys that you were Black Rodger Bates—the Wrecker of Long Point; say?"

The man shuddered, and put his hand before his eyes. He knew that of all men on earth the seamen hated wreckers, and that a man so well known as himself would have but little chance among them.

"I means to do my duty, Mr. Forsythe," he said, humbly. "I can't say no fairer than that."

"Why did you leave Long Point?"

"They suspicioned me a heap, about Portland. They talked just as you did about it, and talked of lynching me, so I moved up Eastport way, and started again."

"Ah; after that your hasty temper got the best of you. A man was stabbed on the beach, in a quarrel over plunder, and you unfortunately held the knife."

"He run against it, his ownself."

"And you let him do it," said Forsythe, with a low laugh. "Now listen to me, my boy; it has happened, luckily for you, that the secret has come into good hands, for you would never live to reach the Cape if the boys knew you. Upon certain conditions I will not open my lips."

"I knowed you wanted something."

"You ought to know that I always want value received for what I give. You have seen that boy, Dick Fenton."

"I sh'ud think I had; wa'ant I turned out of my bunk to give it to him."

"You don't like him?"

"Narey bit."

"Then your work is easy. Rodger Bates, that boy must never go back to New Bedford!"

"The very deuce! How are you going to help it?"

"I think you can do that, Rodger; your safety depends on it, for if that boy is alive when we get to Honolulu, I'm going to give you up to the American consul. He will send you home in irons and—you know the rest."

"Hold on," said Bates, hoarsely, "you can't expect me to do such a thing as that without pay."

"I save your life."

"Yes; but I cu'ud do that without your help. Say five hundred dollars, and the trick is done."

"Agreed. I leave all the details to you. He is a new hand, and the first time he goes aloft in a storm, especially at night, he will be in danger. I meant to give this job to Tatty, but the fool has taken a fancy to the boy, and guards him like a sick kitten."

"You leave it to me, Mr. Forsythe. That boy will never see the Cape, if I don't drop myself. I ain't never going back home, so I don't care what I do. I'm going to Australey myself, and I calculate to make a man of myself there."

"If you had the good fortune to be born in England, I have no doubt you would have been furnished a free ticket to Australia years ago."

"Don't be too hard on me, or I may turn on you yet," growled Bates.

"You dog!" hissed the mate, leaping up suddenly. "You dirty hound! do you mean to threaten me, of all men on earth? Come on deck until I show your mates what a lovely flower they have with them down in the forecastle. Curse you, didn't I know you when you first set foot on the rail, and hold my tongue for your sake?"

"I didn't mean anything by what I said," whispered the villain. "You are so blamed hard on a chap, somehow, and it grinds me to powder."

"I'll teach you your place before I have done with you. Go on deck, and remember this: if you have not done this work when we turn into the South Pacific you go into the 'brig,' if I can save you from the men, which I doubt."

"I'll do it, never fear," said the man; "I'm ready for anything now, for I'm sure they'd kill me if they knowed who I am."

"Kill you! They would tear you all to pieces. Go on deck, and remember your promise and the work you have to do."

"Good," muttered Forsythe, as he took up his lantern. "A dirty job taken off my hands, for I doubt if I could look the boy in the eye and do the trick for ten times the money. Let Black Rodger be the catspaw to take my chestnuts out of the fire."

A new danger threatened Dick Fenton; another deadly enemy, unsuspected by him, was on his track, and this man was the more dangerous, because his own life depended upon the destruction of the boy. With such an acute mind as that of Forsythe guiding the murderous hand of Black Rodger, there was little hope for him.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE MAIN YARD.

As the men sat over their pea soup and coffee in the forecastle at dinner, Bates watched the lad furtively from beneath his black brows. He was willing enough to earn five hundred dollars, even in this way, but he wanted a pretext, and that pretext came, for in moving on his chest, Dick accidentally slopped some of the soup out of his "kid" upon the lap of Black Rodger, who sat on the next chest.

"What did you do that fur, you gallows snipe," roared the ex-wrecker.

"I beg your pardon, Binks; it was an accident."

"An accident; you lie!"

"I do not lie; the kid slipped out of my hands."

By way of reply, Rodger dashed the contents of his own kid into the boy's face. It was quite hot, though not hot enough to scald him badly, but in the school in which he was taught, he had learned never to receive an insult without resenting it. As for me, I cannot envy the boy who can turn the other cheek when he receives a blow. In nine cases out of ten, he is a sneak and coward, who dares not meet his enemy openly. Not that I advise boys to be quarrelsome, or to fight in an unjust cause, but to defend themselves when unjustly assailed. This was the teaching which Dick had received, and springing from his chest, he slapped the wrecker in the face with his open hand, a blow which laid him on his back on the chest. By this time, Tatty was on his feet, but Dick laid his hand on his broad breast and held him back.

"Don't spoil a fair fight," he said. "It isn't such a bad match as you may think."

Tatty looked, admiringly, at the well knit muscles of the lad, as he threw off his jacket, leaving only the tight jersey below it, through which his sturdy arms and shoulders showed to good advantage.

"I'll trust you," said Tatty, "but I stand up here to see fair play, and the first one that touches a weapon, I'll knock clean through the bulkheads."

Black Rodger slid off the chest and threw off his coat. There was a red mark across his face where the hand of the boy had lighted, and his eyes sparkled with fiendish light. He was not a tall man, but very heavy, weighing nearly two hundred pounds. But, this very fact was against him in a fair stand up fight, for he had superfluous flesh, which Dick had not.

"I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever experienced," he said.

"All right," replied Dick, "'Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better;' come on."

The pose of Dick Fenton was excellent. He stood with his left foot forward, his left hand and arm slightly advanced across his breast as a guard, and his right hand close to his hip, ready to strike in return. On the contrary, Black Rodger, depending upon his ponderous strength, and knowing nothing of science, rushed in awkwardly, sending in a swinging but tremendous blow, which, if it had reached the brave boy, would have knocked him completely "out of time."

But, to the surprise of every one who looked on, the blow was put aside neatly, and Dick's right hand alighted with stunning force between the eyes of his opponent, and for a moment he was witness of a remarkable phenomenen. Numberless stars danced before his vision, and directly after something struck the floor; and reasoning by analysis, the man concluded that he had been knocked down!

A stunning cheer from the starboard watch greeted the success of their favorite, for whose success they had hardly dared to hope. He was too well trained to strike a fallen foe, and stepped back a pace or two, in order to permit him to get on his feet.

He rose, foaming with rage, and made another rush at the boy, designing to crush him down by the weight of his onward rush. But, as before, he was baffled by the science of his young opponent, who gave way step by step, that right hand shooting out suddenly and sharply from time to time, and never failing to reach its mark. Three times he put in a blow and made his mark upon the dark face of his huge enemy. Wild with shame, the man opened his hands and sprang upon the boy with a panther-like scream. But Dick slipped nimbly to one side, and again put in that crushing blow, bringing his enemy to the floor with a heavy crash. He did not attempt to rise, but thrusting his hand into the bosom of his jersey he drew a pistol; but before he could cock it, the weapon was wrenched from his hand by Tatty, who had kept his eye upon him.

"I'm referee in this fight," he said. "Do you holler enough?"

"Yes," replied Bates, sullenly. "But let me tell that young rooster one thing; he ain't seen the last of this business. Rodger Bates don't forgit."

"What did you say; I didn't quite get the name you used?"

"I said, Rodger *Binks* don't forgit."

"I think you said *Bates*."

"No, I didn't; thunder and lightning; Tatty, I said Binks," replied the ruffian.

"Maybe you thought you did. Bates, Bates, where have I heard that name?"

"All hands on deck, ahoy!" cried the voice of the mate. "Tumble up lively, all the starboard watch. Move your pins, if you break bloodvessels!"

The call for all hands put an end to the fight at once, and the men sprang at the companion-ladder and ran up to the deck.

"Lay aloft there; stations for taking in sail," roared the mate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COSTUMES AND MANNERS OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

The tradesmen before the Revolution were a different race from the present. They were none of them ashamed of their leather aprons. Faded buckskin breeches, once radiant in yellow splendors, checked shirts and red flannel jackets were the common wear of most workingmen. All the hired women wore short gowns and linsey woolsey petticoats. Calfskin shoes were the exclusive property of the gentry. The servants wore cowhide. Tooth brushes were unknown. The better sort were content to rub the teeth with a chalked rag or with snuff. It was commonly thought effeminate for men to clean the teeth at all. Not only the roystering cavalier but the quiet citizens were fond of a certain bravery in dress. Men wore cocked hats and wigs, coats with large cuffs and big skirts, lined and stiffened with buckram. The coat of a beau had three large plaits in the skirts, wadded profusely to keep them smooth, with low collars to show off the fine linen cambric stock, and the largest silver buckle on the back of the neck. The shirt was ruffled to the wrists. The breeches had silver, stone or paste buckles. Gold or silver sleeve-buttons, set with stones, were generally worn. No cotton fabrics were then known. Stockings were of thread or silk in summer and of worsted in winter. Surtouts were never worn, but they had cloth great-coats instead, or brown camlet cloaks, with green baize lining. In the time of the Revolution many of the American officers introduced the use of Dutch blankets for great-coats. In winter gentlemen wore little woolen muffs to protect their hands. It was not uncommon to see old people with large silver buttons on their coats and vests, with their initials engraved on each button. The ladies all wore large pockets under their gowns, and white aprons. No color but black was ever made up for silk or satin bonnets. Fancy colors were unknown, and white silk bonnets had never been seen. The use of lace veils did not commence until the present century. Ladies' shoes were made of silk or russet, stitched with white waxed thread and having wooden heels. The sole leather was worked with the flesh side out. Subscription balls became very fashionable soon after the Revolution. No gentleman under twenty-one and no lady under eighteen was admitted. The supper consisted of tea, chocolate and rusks. Everything was conducted by six married managers. They distributed places by lot and arranged the partners for the evening. The gentlemen drank tea with the parents of their partners the day after the ball, which gave the chance for a more lasting acquaintance.

THE SYMBOL OF THE CROSS.

In a work upon the antiquity of the North American Indians, the symbol of the cross is traced. Some have supposed that the presence of the cross, and the appearance in ancient grave-mounds of the number three in various symbolic representations, militates against the antiquity of such structures, and limits the date of their construction to a period subsequent to primal contact between the European and the red races. Even a cursory examination of the myths of the new world will convince us that such an idea is erroneous. The earlier Catholic missionaries met the symbol of the cross as an existing object of regard, and of at least qualified adoration among the Indians. The Aztec Goddess of Rain bore a cross in her hand. It was the central object in the great temple of Cozumel, and is still preserved on the bas-reliefs of the ruined city of Palenque. Among the Leni Lenape, the sign of the cross was used during incantations for rain; and at the festival of the Busk, the Creeks built their new fire in the centre of four logs placed end to end, the outer ends pointing to the four cardinal points.

OUT OF HERCULANEUM.—An interesting discovery of a life-size female bust in pure silver has lately been made at Herculaneum. The work, according to an account lately given, is in a state of excellent preservation, and is the only specimen of its kind which has been found during the course of the excavations. At first the material was thought to be only bronze, the action of the sulphur having somewhat altered the appearance of the surface, and the sulphate of silver which has formed upon the metal yielding a black color like that found in the commonest sort of material. The bust was removed to the museum, when one of the keepers, struck with the unusual tone of the bronze, scraped away a part of the surface, and at once came upon the silver beneath. A discussion has arisen whether the work was originally cast or chiseled, but there seems now little doubt that the former hypothesis is correct. The head is that of a young and beautiful woman, but as yet the features have not been identified with those of any other extant head.

A SIMPLE FLOWER may be shelter for a troubled soul from the storms of life.

MEMORIES.

BY R. A. BRUCK.

O come not back with glare of day,
Sweet memories of the loved and lost;
Come not where careless jests are tossed,
Where stranger hearts are gay!

Bring me again with evening's gleam
The tender tears of life's regret,
The presence I may ne'er forget
With starlight's solemn dream!

Thou art more near me, darling, then,
Mid summer valleys gray with mist,
Mid summer woodlands silver-kist
Than in the haunt of men;

While o'er her dark-blue tideless sea
The queenly crescent sails above,
And steals the spirit's earthly love
Up, up to Heaven and thee.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all news dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXI.

A BOLD STROKE OF POLICY.

Lady Clementina had laid her plans inexorably, and poor Lina's white, worn, anxious young face never moved her to alter her cruel purpose. The girl was to be sacrificed to the old marquis, who, having taken a fancy to her, determined to win her somehow, and was very glad to find an ally in her stately elder sister.

He came every day, and might have been discouraged by Lina's manners, only that Lady Clementina was at his elbow to hint that the child was only coy, and unwilling, besides, to believe that a man of the marquis' rank and age could possibly seek a mere girl like herself.

"Then, ought I to make my intentions clear?" inquired he.

"Not yet, my lord," replied Lady Clementina. "I don't mind telling you that Lina is a little peculiar about some things, and does not receive impressions quickly. I have no doubt about your success ultimately, but you must have patience."

"You understand Lina better than I do; I will, therefore, obey your commands."

"That is right," answered Lady Clementina, with one of her cold smiles. "You know that I am heart and soul in your cause."

"I am sure you are very good to interest yourself in me, Lady Clementina," said the old marquis, politely.

"The fact is, I should be glad to see Lina happily married," was the false reply; "and I almost fear she would not choose wisely of her own accord. She has warm affections, and I am sure she has only to know you to love you."

The marquis bowed, with his hand on his heart. He was one of those men whose outward air of courtesy and great refinement concealed a hard, cold heart. He was a smooth-tongued tyrant—a nobleman without nobility of soul—a despot, who fancied that the poor were only made for him to grind under his heel and oppress with the bitter oppression that pleased and stimulated his cruel nature. With his equals he was rather popular than otherwise, because they did not know him as he really was; but the poor cursed him in their secret hearts as he passed by.

This was the husband whom Lady Clementina had chosen for the gentle Lina, who had the tender love of all heaven's creatures. And all this while Lina, who was just recovering from the shock occasioned by her maid's sudden announcement of Mr. Carthen's death, went about the house like a shadow. He was recovering, she knew; but had he not deserted her? Directly he was well enough he would go abroad, and she should not see him for many a long, weary year. She had not known till now how dearly she loved him, and the revelation came at a time when it could only increase her pain, not add to her happiness. Lina believed that she should never like any one again as she had liked him, and she was probably right; for her's was that steadfast, faithful nature which accepts a passion of this kind with reluctance; but having once cherished it, holds it to the end. Even as a child she had loved Mr. Carthen; as a woman, she would cling to her part fearlessly, trying to shut her eyes to the dead blank of future that lay between her and her eighteen years.

But Lady Clementina did not mean that this should be so. She had other plans, as we know, for her sister; and poor Lina was as feeble in her unrighteous hands as a frail leaf, which the wind tosses about at its will. That evening, when it was getting dusk, Lady Clementina crept out at a side door and took her way towards the Hall. She put her head into a cottage door as she passed it, where a sick girl was lying in all the anguish of lingering death, and asked, in a gruff, assumed voice, when Dr. Robinson was expected there?

"In half an hour, at the utmost," said the mother, looking up from her sewing, curiously. "Who wants to know?"

"It's only a gipsy woman, mother," said the sick girl, faintly. "Look at her great brimmed hat. I dreamt last night there was a camp on the common. She's gone now."

Ay, and out of hearing, too. She had just waited to know the time, and that was all. The slow, sad murmur of the dying girl's voice went out with her into the darkness, and hurried her on. To-morrow Lina would be sitting at that very bedside, reading sweet words of comfort, listening to her plaintive regrets with tender patience; for Lina was never more at home than when she was amongst the poor and sick. Lady Clementina hated the softest reminder of death and the life beyond. That which one sister courted, therefore, the other fled from thankfully, and found the darkness better than the dim chamber where death tarried waiting.

Lady Clementina went boldly across the terrace, and up the Hall steps. It is true, that it was so dark by this time no one could see her from any of the windows; but before, when her intention had been real concealment, she had crept up to the door as if even the night could not keep off prying eyes. This time she did not hesitate at Mr. Carthen's door; but turned the handle rather cautiously and entered.

Mr. Carthen was lying back on the couch, with his eyes half closed; but at the sound of her soft footfall he looked up quickly, and an eager flush dyed his pale, thin cheeks.

"How good you are, Lady Clementina. I never dared hope that you would come, or so soon."

"Am I unwelcome?"

"Is the sun welcome?"

"Unfortunately, I am not the sun."

"To me, in the dull apathy of sickness, you are like the sun, and brighten my room as much. Sit down here, and tell me, have you brought me good news?"

Lady Clementina shook her head.

"I dare not call it such, Mr. Carthen. Lina is resolute to carry out her purpose."

"She will marry the marquis," said Mr. Carthen, in a tone of utter despair.

"I fear so. Nothing I can say seems to have the slightest effect. She says she knows what will make her happiness better than I do."

"Alas! I wish it were so. But have you inquired if there is any reason for her strange conduct? About the debts?"

"We were right, Mr. Carthen, I grieve to say. She owes nearly five hundred pounds."

"Five hundred pounds!"

He echoed the words almost incredulously.

"I was as much surprised as you are, until she showed me her jewel box, and then I no longer doubted."

"But I have never seen her wear a single costly ornament."

"True; she is afraid of being questioned by papa and others, as to how she came by them, and having to acknowledge that they are still unpaid for. She knows that nothing would offend my father so much as to know that his daughters were in debt."

Mr. Carthen looked down, and the shadow over his face showed how truly grieved he was to be obliged to think so ill of the woman he still loved. Presently he said:

"I hope you induced her to accept my offer?"

"I had no difficulty whatever. She seemed greatly relieved to find such an easy way out of her troubles. She begged me to thank you kindly for your proposition, and to say that she would repay you as soon as she could. The marquis settles thirty thousand pounds upon her, and my father ten thousand pounds; so that I do not see any chance of your losing your money, or I would not allow her to impose upon your generosity in this manner."

"I am very glad to be of service to her; and as to the money, it is of no use to me; therefore it is a poor compliment, even, and nothing of a service, to ask her to make use of it. I hope you will say that I shall not look for its return; but that when she has five hundred pounds to spare, I shall ask her, if it will make her more comfortable, to bestow it on some charity in my name."

"Oh, Mr. Carthen," murmured Lady Clementina, in a penetrating tone, "how little my poor Lina deserves all your goodness. If I were she, I would not allow you to pay my debts, and after all that has happened, too."

"Then you would be wrong, Lady Clementina," he replied, with a soft, sad smile; "for you would assuredly deny me a very great pleasure."

"But after treating you so cruelly?"

"Nay," he said, "she is but a child; one must pardon her what one would not pardon others. The old marquis' wealth glamours her eyes, and the jewels and grand settlements are, as you say, weighty inducements. If she were older, one would hate her; but remembering that she is only eighteen, one pardons and pities her, and prays heaven that she may not wake from her golden dream only to sigh and weep."

"Others will not judge her so tenderly as you judge her, Mr. Carthen."

"Because others do not know her so well as I know her. She is such an innocent young creature, that, I believe, when she errs, it is from ignorance only. Age will give her wisdom and, alas! I greatly fear, sorrow."

"I fear so, too; but we can do nothing."

"What does Lord Dacre say to this marriage?"

"He says that he must needs be contented, since Lina seems so pleased; but my mother has grown sadder of late, and though she does not say why, I fancy it must be that. She married for love herself, when my father was a poor *attache*, with a very distant prospect of title and estate—if it could be called a prospect at all—and she must feel the difference between Lina's marriage and her own. Still she feels herself, no doubt, powerless to prevent the evil, and thinks it wiser to hold her peace."

"That's a mistake, surely. Lina might be influenced by her mother's words, knowing that she had made sacrifices herself to marry a man she loved."

"You don't understand Lina, Mr. Carthen. Nothing earthly will move her, when she is once resolved. I know that by experience."

"She looks so gentle!" he sighed, and glancing at Lady Clementina, as she sat opposite, with her great black eyes, he almost wondered if she were drawing her own portrait instead of Lina's.

"I should like to write to her," he added, after a long, reflective pause. "She has known me so long, that I may possibly have a certain influence with her, that she is not even conscious of herself."

"You could hardly hope to succeed where all of us have failed."

"That is true; still, you do not forbid me to try?"

"Indeed, no. I will take your letter, and do all I can to make Lina understand your motives, but I feel sure it will be useless."

"Lady Clementina, I am going to take a great liberty."

"How?"

"I am going to ask you to hand me the writing materials on yonder table. I cannot move yet, and I dare not summon a servant, for your sake."

"Why should you make so many apologies?" she said, softly; "it is a real pleasure to be able to help you. Shall I bring the whole affair?"

"If it is not too much trouble."

"I tell you that it is no trouble at all."

"I would thank you, only that you must be almost tired of my gratitude by this time."

"You seem to think I have very little patience."

"Nay, I could not think that, since you have borne with me so kindly."

"There was nothing to bear," she murmured, softly.

"I don't know. Ladies say that men are bears and bores, too, when they are sick."

"If so, you must be an exception to the general rule. I have not heard a single complaint pass your lips."

"And yet there are times when I chafe greatly at the restraint my wound imposes on me. I never wanted more to be up and doing than at this present time. If I have to stay here, and hear the marriage bells ring out, it will drive me mad."

"Trust me, Mr. Carthen," she answered, shading her gleaming eyes from his view; "this shall not happen; you shall be spared all the pain possible. The marriage I cannot prevent, but I can prevent it's taking place here. There will be more room for display in town; and, therefore, I am sure Lina will not object."

"Thank you, Lady Clementina. You have made me eternally grateful by this promise. I will get away as soon as I can; but the doctor tells me it is an ugly wound, and will take a long time to heal. I expect to be an invalid for months."

"I hope not."

"You are very good."

Her sympathy—the sympathy of a proud, high creature like Lady Clementina—could not but be grateful to Mr. Carthen, in his utter desolation. His weakness made him value it the more, too; softening his very nature, as bodily weakness often does with man. He could have wept like a woman, with raining tears and choking sobs, but for his pride, that any mortal eye should witness his agonies. But at Lady Clementina's gentle words, which her eyes, now melting and tender, enforced with all their eloquence, he turned his own away, and brushed off a gathering tear hastily. When he could steady his voice sufficiently, he spoke again:

"Lady Clementina, I am grievously ashamed to make you wait upon me, but I find I must ask you another favor."

She rose at once, smiling.

"Do you notice a little mother-of-pearl box on the centre table?"

"Inlaid with silver?"

"Yes; will you bring it to me?"

She fetched it, and put it into his hand.

He touched a spring and it flew open, showing a dim, small locket, with the portrait of a child in the centre, set round with a circle of large, pure diamonds.

"This belonged to my mother," said Mr. Carthen, brokenly, "and it is a portrait of myself as a child. Will you wear it for my sake, Lady Clementina, and as a bright reminder how truly I am, from henceforth, and in pure gratitude, your friend?"

Lady Clementina took the locket into her hands, and her eyes flashed even more than the diamonds.

"Indeed, I ought not to take it, since it belonged to your mother. You are depriving yourself of a great treasure in order to please me."

"I have other things that belonged to her more precious by far. There is another locket made in the same way, only it has my mother's portrait on the outside instead of this. My father always wore it, and it was on his heart when he died. I would not have removed it, only that he had told me just before to take it from him when he was gone, and keep it forever in remembrance of him, and of my mother, when both were in heaven."

"Your mother died first?"

"Yes."

"Will you show me that locket?"

"It is next to my heart now, he said, softly; "a shot has disfigured the bust; but, fortunately, it has not touched the face. I will write my letter, if you will allow me, first, and then I will see if I can get the chain over my neck, that you may be able to see it clearly."

Lady Clementina sat back silent in her seat, and Mr. Carthen wrote on. She could see by his face how the wording of this letter, from which he dared hope so much, pained and moved him. His lips, unconscious of her scrutiny, he did not even try to control, and they quivered nervously, as if his passionate pleadings were breaking into speech. Presently, Lady Clementina said, half rising, as if she were afraid of being surprised:

"I never thought of Dr. Robinson; what time will he be here?"

"I don't know. He is attending some sick girl at Lansdown, and they could have told you what time, if you had asked. He generally lets them know when to expect him, in order that he may not disturb them at their evening meal."

"It's a pity I did not think of it," said Lady Clementina, craftily. "I would do almost anything to serve you, Mr. Carthen; but, if Dr. Robinson were to find me here with you, I could never hold up my head again. I once offended his wife by not bowing to her when I should; and, since that, he has hated me thoroughly, and never ceases to speak ill of me to whoever he can find to listen."

Mr. Carthen remembered, as she said this, that Dr. Robinson had spoken of her once to him, in no flattering terms, as a woman of cruel purpose, and resolute will—a sleeping volcano, which one spark would fire. It never struck Mr. Carthen, although he had seen her in unfavorable moments, too, that Dr. Robinson might be right. The doctor was a shrewd physiognomist, and a good judge of character, too, as Mr. Carthen knew.

But, to do Dr. Robinson justice, he was not likely to give any opinion of her unless it were solicited. He knew that Mr. Carthen was very intimate at the Park; and, although rumor gave him to Lady Lina, it was quite possible that rumor might have made a mistake. But Lady Clementina did not give him credit for so much discretion; although, in the present instance, her fear of encountering him was entirely assumed, as she meant the doctor to find her in Mr. Carthen's house. She saw that Mr. Carthen could only be won by this bold stroke; and, although it might compromise her somewhat, she would gain him anyway, rather than not have him at all.

This was her deep-laid scheme—a design Mr. Carthen never, for one second, suspected, for he said, gravely and kindly:

"I will not detain you any longer, Lady Clementina, in case of accidents. By the time you have fastened your cloak, and tied your hat, I shall be ready."

"I don't expect he will be here yet."

"I fancy not; and yet I should be very loth for you to run any risk on my account."

He scribbled on, but the minute lengthened into five, and Lady Clementina, sitting listening with bated breath, and lips gone white from their rigid compression, fancied, with a little thrill, that she heard the faint echo of horse's hoofs on the sandy lane through which Dr. Robinson should come. Mr. Carthen, absorbed in his appeal, wrote on. The sound grew stronger. Surely he would hear now, and hurry her away, or propose some hiding place? No; his whole heart was in the words his busy pen was writing, and he thought of nothing else. Once, he glanced up.

"Only just one minute more, Lady Clementina. I should be truly ashamed, only that you are so good. Now I have done," he added, presently, and began to fold his letter, which had lengthened, gradually, into three whole sheets.

"Am I not to see the locket, as a reward for my patience?" she said, in a voice she could not control, and that was all; for the horse had stopped at the door, and she could detect the doctor's step crossing the threshold, as he entered, according to his custom, when his time was precious, without waiting to be announced.

"I am afraid I must ask you to stoop down and look at it," Mr. Carthen said, as he drew it out. "The chain is rather short, and my arm is too weak yet for the effort, I find."

"Never mind," she said; "I can see it very well so."

She bent down, and whilst her head—tingling with the fire of the passionate flush on her face—was so drooped that it looked as if it were resting on his heart in loving security and ease, the door opened, and Dr. Robinson came in. He stood one minute, petrified at what he saw—uncertain as to whether he ought to advance or retreat, and thoroughly overcome by surprise; whilst Lady Clementina drooped lower and lower, as if ashamed to raise her haughty brows to their old high carriage of disdain.

It was a supreme moment, even an awful moment, to this woman who had intrigued so cruelly for the consummation that Mr. Carthen's white, silent lips seemed to withhold.

Was it all for nothing? Had she lost, after all? Would he never speak? These questions passed through her busy brain, and fired it. It was with hard effort that she suppressed a scream, she was so overwrought, so terribly stimulated by the keenness of her suspense.

And still the oracle was dumb. At last, when, in another second, Lady Clementina would have grasped her hair and torn it, in a sudden madness of despair that this one, sole, mighty, inexorable, final chance was gone forever and ever at last, Mr. Carthen spoke, in a hollow, cold voice, that sounded like fate:

"Come in, doctor; don't let us frighten you away. I want particularly to introduce you to Lady Clementina Dacre, my future wife!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

HUNGER AND COLD.

Herbert Benson was awaiting his trial in gaol, and dark rumors were afloat of some terrible concealed crime, which was to be brought to light, and laid at his door. Old Mark, when he heard these rumors, would look strangely moved, even terrified, and ask Nat, wonderingly, how it would all end.

"Why, it will end in his being let out," answered Nat, confidently; "there's nothing against him really, as I can think, but the wounding, and you're sure Mr. Carthen won't prosecute."

"But what's this folks talk about now?"

"It can't signify what they talk about, father, for if it isn't one thing, it is another, as far as that goes. Only it seems odd they should take on so, when Master Herbert has always been so quiet and respectable."

"If you give a dog a bad name, you may as well hang him; you ought to know that," was the bitter reply, "for it has nigh upon starved us both."

Nat sighed drearily, for the last fortnight had been one long struggle with fate; one passionate wrestle with despair. He was young and strong, yet no one would employ him. Some refused him with stinging harshness, and called him a thief; others refused more gently. But still they did refuse. Nat's bronzed cheek was growing whiter day by day, and the old man looked haggard and miserable.

Bread they had not tasted for a whole week, and but little of anything else. Now and then, Nat would catch a rabbit; but he had only one trap left, and that was often empty. It seemed like a punishment that now, when they were faint with hunger, and only taking anything for dear life's sake, their efforts should be in vain.

One night, the old man had gone to sleep, and was dreaming of fine feasts. When he awoke, Nat was sitting in the sunshine, with head drooping low on his breast.

The hearth was empty; and old Mark looked about for some signs that his night's watch had been successful before he spoke.

"Well, Nat, any luck?"

"No, father."

"Nothing in the trap?"

Nat held it up.

"Something has been in it—a fox, I fancy—and his struggles have broken it to pieces. I thought I might mend it, perhaps; but I see it is no use. It was only a rotten old thing; but it was the best, and last we had."

"Do you think there are any left in the woods?"

"Joe's stole them, if so. I saw him sneaking about there yesterday; and when I looked afterwards, there wasn't one to be found."

"Take your gun, and shoot something. Never mind about being heard. We can't starve."

"There's no powder or shot."

"Ah! what have you been doing all night, then?"

"I've been watching the holes; but it seemed as if they knew I was there, for nothing came out. None of our mates came near us, either."

"They're afraid to. The keepers are watching for us to get together, to pounce down upon us. I feel pretty faint, Nat."

"I am sure you do. Couldn't you go to sleep again a little while, father?"

"Why, the sun's out."

"I could draw down the curtain."

"I know what you mean, lad; but it's no use. Dreaming makes it worse, I fancy, when you wake. I was just in the middle of the finest bit of beef you ever saw, when I woke up hungry."

Nat lowered his head, and a tear slipped under his shaggy eyelashes. His own sufferings he could bear manfully; but his father's took away all his courage.

"I'll go out again," he said, rising. "Perhaps I shall be more lucky now."

"You'll get caught, Nat; and that will be worse than all! If you was in prison, there would be a quick ending here."

"I can't help you much, it seems."

"Seeing you helps me better than nothing, boy. I never noticed it before,

but you are growing just like your mother."

"That's because I look delicate, I suppose," answered Nat, trying to laugh. "There's something very womanish in a white face. I think, if nothing turns up to-day, father, I'll get on some strange road to-morrow, and beg."

"Yes, and get took up for vagrancy. That would be a fine way of helping yourself, or me either! It seems as if you'd a regular hankering after prison, Nat."

"I want you to have food."

"Well, lad, well," sighed the old man, "you're a good son; and if I speak harsh, don't take no notice. It isn't meant; and—and—why, it's hunger, and that's the fact. Sweet words don't come out of an empty stomach. I think we could hold out another week, couldn't we?"

"Not without something."

"You'll get a hare or a rabbit, maybe, to-night. Come, cheer up, lad; we ain't dead yet!"

Nat smiled faintly.

"I don't care for myself," he said.

"And you needn't care for me. Fasting will do me good, you may depend."

Nat felt that his father was only trying to cheer him, and it made him the sadder. He had not noticed before how thin the old poacher was getting.

"I must do something," thought Nat; and yet, when night came, nothing had been done. He had gone in search of work, it is true, but had received the same invariable answer:

"We don't want any poachers here!"

Nat crept home, utterly discouraged. He was getting so weak with these long journeys that he could hardly crawl over the threshold. But he had a crust of bread, which a farmer's wife had thrown out of doors, in disdain of its dryness, and this he had carefully saved for his father.

He put it down on the table, with a grim smile, and drew up a chair.

Old Mark looked at it wistfully; and, then dividing it into two, handed Nat half.

"Nay, father," said the lad; "I've had my share."

"Are you sure?"

"Of couse I am. Don't trouble about me, father; I shall do very well."

Old Mark ate up the dry crust greedily.

Nat was growing dizzy now; his brain whirled, and a mist swam before his eyes. Hunger and fatigue were doing their work. He sank into a kind of stupor that looked like sleep.

"Nat," said the old poacher, presently; "you might get something to-night."

"Yes, father."

"I think I could pick you up a charge of shot, perhaps; I was looking in the drawer this afternoon. That would be better than nothing; only you mustn't waste it in a bad aim, through eagerness."

"Yes, father."

"Nat!"

"Yes, father."

"You gave me all the bread!"

Nat looked up, stupefied.

"Bread!" he repeated. "Bread! Is there any bread?"

"You are famished, boy!"

Nat roused himself, then, with a terrible effort. "Only tired, father. It was a dreary way. Let me sleep."

"Lie down on the bed."

"No," he said;" "I'll stay where I am. It won't be for long."

"Your mind's a-wandering, lad," said the old man. "Curse all them that has brought you to such a cruel pass!"

"I only meant I should have to go out presently," replied Nat, pinching himself savagely, in order to dissipate the stupor that was fast gaining possession of him. "My mind's all right."

Old Mark went back to his seat then, but he watched Nat stealthily, until he began to doze himself. Presently, there was a knock at the door. Neither of the men heard it, and the visitor, finding that no answer came to this appeal, walked in.

It was growing dusk now, but it was still light enough for Milly Lowe to see the change that famine had wrought in the two unhappy men.

Their features were pinched and shrunken, their complexions livid; and Nat's hand, as it supported his cheek, was so thin that she wondered as she saw it. Now, Milly's own troubles had softened her heart and widened her sympathies. She had always been kindly and generous; but when she heard of old Mark's and Nat's misfortunes, although she knew they were in part merited, the recollection of Herbert's liking for them made her anxious to do what she could to help them. She had tried to induce her father to take them into his employ, but he would not hear of it. He might have done so at any other time, but he was unwilling to offend Lord Dacre just now, being fully possessed with the notion that Milly would eventually marry the young viscount, and that he might prejudice her interests by encouraging the poachers.

But Milly, in her great compassion, thought of them, and wondered how they were getting on.

This evening her father was away, and her reflections were such sorrowful companions, that she was glad to have some sweet deed of charity to occupy her.

First of all, Milly, smiling the first time for many a long day, went to get a basket. Into this she managed to put a beef-steak, a loaf of good white bread her own dainty little hands had made and fashioned; after these came goodly lumps of pork, white and firm as marble; a little packet of tea, and the same of sugar. She added a bottle of beer the last thing; and then, finding that no amount of coaxing would induce the basket to hold anything more, she went to put on her hat. She was so cheered by the thought of the comfort she was going to carry to the old poacher, that she looked quite bright and eager as she issued forth.

Tommy Wilson was hanging about as usual, watching her, and he made a gesture as she approached, which she plainly understood as an offer to carry the basket for her; but Tommy was out of favor with his young mistress now-a-days, and she resolutely refused.

Tommy drew back then with a disappointed air, and stood gnawing his finger-nails moodily as she passed on.

When Milly found that her knock met no answer, she concluded that the two men were out, and walked in. One glance around the room, at the empty hearth and pinched white faces of father and son, told all she wanted to know.

In God's beautiful land of plenty two living creatures were actually dying in want of food!

Milly seemed to feel the pangs of hunger herself in her vivid sympathy, and she had to brush the tears out of her eyes before she could see to perform her gracious service.

Then swiftly, but silently, she laid the table for two, glancing often at the men, who, stupefied with hunger, slept on, unconscious. When everything was set in dainty order, Milly stood one minute to survey her work, smiling; then took up her basket again—empty this time—and departed, closing the door noiselessly after her.

Old Mark was the first to rouse. The clock was striking ten when he yawned, stretched himself, and, bending over the empty grate mechanically to warm his chilled fingers, said, looking wistfully across at his son:

"Are you asleep, lad?"

"No, father," answered Nat, awake in an instant and ready to deny that he had slept at all.

"I'd just got to a feast again when that confounded clock struck and woke me, Nat! Hullos!"

"What is it, father?" inquired Nat, confusedly.

"Why, look'ee there! That's the very feast I was dreaming of, if I don't declare. Set to, lad—set to!"

"But how did it come?" said Nat, now fairly roused, but still dizzy.

"We'll eat first, and talk of that afterwards.

This was good advice, assuredly. Nat proceeded to follow it without delay. The two men ate thankfully, and were filled. There was not even a crumb left when old Mark put down his knife and fork, and, lifting his mug to his lips, drained off the last drop of the beer it contained.

"Ah!" he said, "there's no sauce like hunger, Nat. The queen never supe half so well as we have supped to-day!"

"And now, father, how should you say it got here?"

Old Mark shook his head.

"The world's turned topsy-turvy, Nat, and that's the truth. There's no calculating upon anything now-a-days. The spirits are very busy to what they used to be when I was young, for it was rare enough that we heard any mention of them, and now they're so meddlesome there's no providing against them."

"And you think it was spirits, then?"

"Doesn't it stand to reason?" inquired the old man, sharply. "We are sitting here, aren't we, as quiet as mice, just dozing a minute off and on, but nothing to hinder our wits from being at work, and something creeps, and lays the table, and puts good food where there was none, and then creeps out again? Now, I ask you, in a reasonable way, if anything but a spirit could have done that?"

"It looks queer!"

"It's more than queer!" answered old Mark.

"Only, father, I think it right to mention that the ale was uncommon like Squire Lowe's last brewing."

"That's nothing. How should spirits understand making ale? They might have heard you praise that, the same as they knew my longing was for beefsteak, and so they just said it was to be so, and it came."

"Anyhow, wherever it came," said Nat, rising to his feet, almost strong again, "I'm very thankful, father—most for your sake, and something for my own—for I was well-nigh spent!"

"Ah! I could see that."

"And there's enough left for breakfast in the morning."

"We must make two meals of that," said the old man, prudently; "we can't tell when the spirit will come again."

"But I feel so cheered up now, I do believe I could catch a rabbit or something, if I was to go out."

"Nay, I'd go to bed," said the old poacher, who, no longer pressed by hunger, could afford to be indulgent. "I'll get out with you myself to-morrow night, but my head's queer—the ale was strong, I fancy—and being so weak——"

Before he could finish this sentence he was soon asleep. Nat dared not leave him so, but he managed to drag him on to the bed, and here he was safe. This completed, Nat prepared to issue forth. But it seemed as if the ale had been potent in its effects on the enfeebled brains of both the men, for even Nat's youth and natural strength could not resist it. He felt his legs double under him, and a mist came over his sight.

"I'll go to bed for a couple of hours," he said to himself," "and then I shall be all right. A pint of ale, when you're weak, goes farther than a gallon when you're strong."

However, it was close upon dawn before Nat awoke, lighted a candle to look at the time, and then, leaving his father still asleep, went out.

It is generally at its darkest before the day breaks; and Nat went stumbling down the path that led to Lansdown Point, scarcely knowing where he trod.

He was going to the warren close by. But, just as he got under the trees, a thrill of horror seized him suddenly. All the occurrences of that terrible night when poor Flax was murdered rose up vividly before him, and a great trembling and fear fell upon him.

At this minute Nat stumbled over some obstacle in his path, and lay prone on the ground. He stretched out his hand to save himself, and it came in contact with something icy cold, clammy, horrible—the face of the dead!

He knew it by instinct—by the terror that rushed tingling from his finger-ends to his head—by the faintness that kept him there still, when he felt that he would give twenty years out of his life to be away.

Presently he managed to stagger to his feet; and then the gray dawn broke, and he saw the ghastly, livid face and blue lips of the ill-fated Flax, and knew that the horror of the sight would last all his days. How could it have been disinterred?

This was the question; but Nat could not stay to answer it now. His work was clear before him, and, moreover, it must be done at once in case of a surprise. He rushed home for a spade. And now he had dug the grave open again, and, with head averted, pushed Flax gently into the hole.

He dared not look in afterwards, but shovelled the earth in hurriedly and prepared to depart.

At this minute he heard a step. Nat had not done his work well; and, indeed, the turf would not fit in so as to conceal the shape of the grave. He was conscious of this fact, and, moreover, certain that the newcomer must see what had been done, and would have his curiosity excited by the appearance of the ground, which plainly suggested some mystery and courted investigation.

Nat did not quite care to be found on the spot under such suspicious circumstances, and so dashed into the wood and sat down under cover of a thick mass of brambles and underwood to watch. To his surprise and relief, the idiot, Tommy Wilson, appeared on the scene, and Nat's fixed, fascinating gaze found a change in his face and manner that was unaccountable, and gave a new character to the man and his actions.

His countenance was stern and grave, his eyes full of a strange fire of passion, and longing, and disappointment. He looked about from side to side with anxious scrutiny, walked two or three times round the Point, and then bent over the pool, as if searching there for something he had lost.

Finally, he cut a thick stick from a bough overhead, and poked about amongst the thick, stagnant waters, but apparently without success, for he came back to the Point again, and, stooping down, examined the ground carefully.

As we know, Nat, in his haste, had blundered, and the turf was badly laid, showing a jagged line all around. This the idiot seemed to note, and also to understand. His face underwent another change, and rage and menace, and the whiteness of fear, took possession of every gaunt feature and quivering lineament.

He clenched his fist, and his lips moved in what Nat might have taken for a curse had he not known that the lad was without speech, and could only express his feelings in incoherent mutterings and cries.

But nothing of this kind came. With a silence that seemed awful to Nat, looking on, the idiot felt all round the grave with his bony fingers, as if measuring its width. Then he pushed his finger down, possibly to discover if the earth were lightly laid or beaten hard in, and seemed satisfied when he found that it had not been skillfully done.

After this, he gathered some grass, to cover the bare lines of soil, and stuck them in such a manner that a mere passer-by would observe nothing peculiar in the aspect of the spot, and would fail to see the shape of the grave, which Nat had clumsily left exposed.

These precautions taken, Tommy rose from his knees, threw a long, stealthy glance about him, and moved swiftly away.

Nat watched until he had disappeared, and then he came forth from his hiding-place and hurried home, too excited and disturbed by the scene he had just witnessed, too anxious to have old Mark's opinion on the point, to think for one second of the rabbit he had intended to have for supper.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT THE GOSSIPS SAID.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

It was taken at last—the beautiful "Elm Cottage," so long vacant. For twelve whole months it had been closed, though during the time there had been many applicants for the possession of this cosy nest. But the landlord, a crusty old bachelor with more dollars than demands for them, was notional, and did not choose to risk the choice shrubbery and costly green-house with any but just the right sort of a tenant. Rumor said this dainty nest had been prepared, *originally*, by the lonely old man, as a retreat for a fairy bird that had promised to mate with him, but never came; and though the owner grew, with the passing years, more taciturn and moody, yet he could never quite lose his interest in the pretty surroundings that had cost him such infinite pains to gather for his expected darling. So, much of the time, the pretty cottage had been closed; then a widowed niece came, and the sad old man almost learned to smile again, but she married and went abroad, and "Elm Cottage" was shut up for another twelvemonth.

Now, at last, it was taken—"for a lady"—so said the handsome young doctor who engaged it. He had been but six months in Newton, and from his first coming had occupied a suite of rooms in the principal hotel of the village. He drove a fast horse, but was by no means a "fast young man," unless entitled to that appellation in virtue of being always busy, either with his books or his patients; and always in too great a hurry to lounge at street corners, puffing cigarettes and pointing his eye-glass at the ladies who passed. Handsome he certainly was, and *distingue* in manners as in person, but reserved almost to *hauteur*, and seldom permitting, even from his own sex, any approach to familiarity. He formed few friendships, and accepted few invitations, socially, but professionally he was ever ready, prompt and attentive—not less so to "charity cases" than to his best paying patients. Marvellously successful, too, he had been in almost every case where his services were called for; and so it came to pass that the young doctor was fast winning golden opinions throughout the entire community—perhaps quite as much by his noble presence, as in view of the cures his extraordinary skill had effected.

Half the marriageable maidens of the village had already "surrendered at (or without) discretion" the strongholds of their affections to the fascinating stranger; while manœuvring mammas were constrained to admit his claim to be considered "a very excellent match." Even the Misses Jerusha and Charity Lafarge, maiden ladies of "no particular age," who had begun to resign themselves to their seemingly inevitable destiny, the delights of single blessedness, had their hopes once more revived at the coming of the young M. D., who seemed never to lose a patient, nor fail in winning a heart.

"He may not be so very young, after all," Miss Jerusha sensibly remarked to her sister. "Appearances are wondrously deceptive sometimes, for who would think that you and I were much more than just out of our teens, and we both so spry and active," said the ancient maiden, bridling her skinny neck, and surveying her faded charms in the mirror opposite.

"And a doctor," spoke Miss Charity, "don't want a bit of a chit for a wife, that couldn't help him nurse his patients, and may be, wouldn't even know how to spread a spice plaster, or steep rosemary tea. These giddy village lassies wouldn't suit *him* at all, you may be sure of that."

So they plotted and planned in various circles, and formed conspiracies against the doctor's liberty, while he, poor, innocent victim, pursued the even tenor of his way, wholly unconscious of the manifold snares outspread for his unwary feet. But these numerous "air-castles" had all a sudden downfall, when it became known that Dr. Davis had "actually taken Elm Cottage," and further, that its cosy apartments were all to be newly papered and painted and generally rejuvenated, preparatory to the coming of carpets and furniture ordered from the city. "From the city!" how aristocratic it sounded.

"And so there is nothing in Newton good enough for the doctor and his lady, for, of course, he is going to be married!" said the Misses Jerusha and Charity; and they ought to know, for they lived just opposite to "Elm Cottage," and saw—by peeping through their blinds—Dr. D—— giving orders to the workmen, and very carefully investigating the results of their skill, from day to day. "Of course he wouldn't take all this pains for anybody but his wife. Men are all such selfish monsters they don't care for any home but the one they expect to occupy themselves," added the indignant Miss Charity.

When the furniture vans came and disgorged their manifold treasures, there was no longer room for even the shadow of a doubt. Who but a lady could require surroundings so dainty as that delicate furniture in rosewood and blue brocatelle, that grand piano, and such a collection of choice green-house plants? But *who was she?* Expectation was on tiptoe, and curiosity reached a point scarcely to be endured.

Day after day, the eager spinsters peered through closed blinds in hope of being rewarded by a discovery as to *who* was to be revealed; and especially *when* the *denouement* was to take place; while early and late their "dear friends" from a distance congregated in the Lafarge parlor, to discuss the position and be informed of the latest revelation. Every plan that ingenuity could devise was resorted to—the workmen were repeatedly sounded, but they knew nothing of the coming occupant. "Dr. Davis employed them, and would pay their bills; further than that they could not (or would not) say." Even the lion was bearded in his den—the crusty old bachelor landlord was waylaid at the cottage gate by the sisters, and Miss Jerusha ventured to hope they were to have agreeable neighbors; to which "hope" she received for answer, that "the expected tenant being a *lady*, will probably mind her own business, and if all others do the same nothing disagreeable would be likely to occur."

So with this rather doubtful innuendo they had to content themselves and wait for the developments of the futuro. And at last she came—a fair, delicate woman, evidently a lady, calm, courteous, low-voiced and gentle stepping. She was dressed in dainty, half mourning robes, and accompanied by a golden-haired fairy of about three years, all dimples and smiles, and a voice like the ripple of smooth water. The doctor brought them, early one morning, in his buggy—it was supposed, as the "express" called with the trunks an hour afterwards.

All this the sisters saw from behind their blinds, but when the trio passed in, and the doctor closed the door after them, the anxious watchers had to draw on imagination for the sequel. But alas! they were unable to guess even the lady's age, for though her veil was thrown back, and the face clearly visible, the sweet blue eyes and sunny brown hair, told no tales. She might be twenty-five or forty-five, but whatever the number of cycles, time had trod so lightly as to leave no trace of his footsteps.

"So!" exclaimed Miss Jerusha, when the closed doors cut short her investigations, "she's a widow, I suppose; or, may be, something worse," lifting her hands in holy horror. "With all her smiles and coquettish airs, I wouldn't vouch for her. But I do wonder if he *has* married her. He hasn't been away, I know, for I meet that stylish buggy of his every day, and there was a light in his chamber last night when we came from prayer-meeting. I noticed particularly to see what sort of hours he keeps. But what does it all mean? I can't make it out, at all. That yellow-haired chit can't be his, for I heard him, myself, tell Deacon Smith, that he only graduated last summer, and he wouldn't be having a wife at college."

"No! that's a widow, without doubt," said Miss Charity (not the charity that "thinketh no evil"), "and I just believe he has brought her here for his own convenience—to be carrying on and flirting with her to his heart's content. No wonder they all tried to keep it so private. It's a crying shame, I declare, and a disgrace to the neighborhood;" and the ancient maiden's pale blue eyes were rolled upwards in virtuous indignation at the imaginary insult to her immaculate purity.

"How do you know there is anything at all amiss?" said a quiet little body, who, sitting by the window writing, had not before joined in the conversation. "The lady may be a friend or relative, who wishing to remove to Newton, requested the doctor to arrange a place of residence for her; and if so, he could, of course, on her arrival, do no less than conduct her and her child to their new home. I see nothing so very remarkable in all this; and so far as we know it, the doctor's character affords no ground for regarding with suspicion so natural and simple an act. Would it not be better to wait till wrong has been really done, before passing sentence of condemnation?"

"You needn't be taking the doctor's part, Annie Sherwood," angrily retorted Miss Charity. "He cares nothing for *you*, if he did attend you through that long spell for nothing, and then tell the school-directors last winter that they must warm the house better, or it would kill you, and the children besides. He only wanted to get into notice with the directors, and as for attending you he had just come then, and it was quite a feather in his cap to cure one that old Dr. Mills said was dying of consumption. So you needn't think the young doctor is dead in love with your pale-face! Doctors don't marry sick people; and besides the widow's cut you out now, and you may as well stop primping and putting on dainty airs. It's 'love's labor lost,' I can tell you, once for all."

Too much pained and disgusted to reply, the young teacher rose, and, putting on her hat, started for school just as Dr. Davis was closing the gate of Elm Cottage. Seeing Annie, he crossed over, and while the sisters watched them from their windows he said something in low, earnest tones, at which the young girl smiled and nodded, and then passed on to her school, while the doctor sprang into his buggy and drove off.

Every day he called at the cottage, looking buoyant and happy, and he always entered without ringing, as if he had a right there, while occasionally, when the weather was fine, he took the lady out for a drive. Golden-haired little May was always of the party, and as the doctor lifted her in and out of the buggy her little arms were twined lovingly about his neck, and the words, "I do love you ever so much," were more than once caught by Miss Jerusha, who happened, whenever the doctor's buggy stopped before Elm Cottage, to remember suddenly that she had something to do in her own front yard—the flowers needed tying up, a bouquet was to be gathered, or the vine-covered porch must be looked after.

As first she used to bow in her stateliest manner; but as time served only to confirm her suspicions of the doctor's outrageous intimacy at the cottage, she manifested her virtuous indignation by scornfully turning her back as he neared the gates or drove past her enclosure. Nor was the indignant spinster slow in giving to others the full benefit of her discoveries till half the village was astir with wonders and innuendoes as to the meaning of the intimacy between the gentle mistress of Elm Cottage and her constant visitor.

The doctor's practice began to suffer in consequence, and the grapes, lately so tempting, proving "sour," neither manœuvring mothers nor marriageable daughters made any further attempt to pluck the fruit so evidently beyond their reach. Of the doctor's many lady admirers, one only proved unalienable. Annie Sherwood, the lovely young teacher of the village school, still defended her friend, and received in return the sneers and taunts of the Misses Lafarge, with whom she boarded. But for the handsome price paid by their lodger, these immaculate spinsters would probably have turned the brave girl out of doors, as an "aider and abettor of the doctor's evil courses," because she dared to lift a dissenting voice against the tirade of slander that was hurled at his defenceless head in his absence. As it was, they contented themselves with knowing glances exchanged at table, upturned eyes of holy horror whenever the doctor's name was mentioned, and long, gratuitous lectures as to masculine deceit and perfidiousness, and the importance of maidenly modesty and discretion.

The young teacher said little in reply, but applied herself diligently to her school duties, but when at home, generally kept her own apartment, seeming to have a more than usual amount of sewing on hand—pretty, dainty garments of fleecy muslin and lace, that were always carefully folded away out of sight as soon as finished.

"Her examination dress, I suppose it must be," said Miss Jerusha, who had made an errand to Annie's room, on purpose to ascertain what had kept her there so much of late, and entering unannounced, found the fair seamstress in the very act of "trying on" a dainty robe, a very marvel of beauty and fragility, that a puff of wind might seemingly have demolished. Annie very coolly said she was engaged just then, and would be happy to see Miss Lafarge at some other time; and Miss Jerusha was compelled perforce to retreat, with only the consolation of having a discovery to report, which she did, to the group assembled in the parlor, with sundry additions and improvements conjured up from her own fertile imagination.

"Her examination dress, no doubt, but what a time she spends on it, as if a wedding were on foot, or a train of admirers to be fascinated, instead of only a school to be examined before prosy old town councilmen, who don't know muslin from gingham, and married men at that. But she is a stuck up thing, anyhow, and that young scamp of a doctor completely turned her silly head by his attentions before the widow came, and now it seems she can't give him up, even when all virtuous people are crying for shame on his conduct."

But examination day came and went, and the dainty robes aforesaid did not see the light, much to the mystification of the maiden sisters. Annie donned, on that important occasion, only a white muslin suit that had been in wear all summer; and nonchalantly tying on her little straw hat trimmed with daisies and forget-me-nots, joined the party from Elm Cottage at the gate, and they all walked over to the schoolhouse together, while the Misses Lafarge, from behind their closed blinds, exclaimed against Annie's boldness and want of self-respect. Fortunately, she did not hear them, and so no harm was done.

The next day Annie's trunks were packed, as if for a journey, and her hostess was notified that her apartment would be vacated at noon. But fifteen minutes previous to that time, two carriages stopped before the door of the Lafarge mansion; and sweet Annie Sherwood, decked in snowy robes of satin and lace, her sunny curls twined with a wreath of orange blossoms and myrtle, accompanied the minister and his wife to the village church, and an hour later entered "Elm Cottage" as Mrs. Dr. Davis. The happiest trio in the admiring group that encircled the gentle bride, was composed of her noble husband, his fair, sweet *mother*, and his only *sister*, darling golden-haired little May—the offspring of Mrs. Norton's second marriage.

The doctor was a most devoted son, and soon after his settlement in Newton, and his engagement with Annie, which she did not wish made public till her school term was ended, he proposed to his widowed mother to remove to the village and occupy permanently the pleasant home his affection had prepared for her. It had been his intention to reside with her from her first coming; but learning accidentally of the gossip afloat, and the innuendoes of the Misses Lafarge on the day of the arrival, with the subsequent tattle concerning his intimacy at the cottage, he determined to teach the perpetrators of such contemptible scandal a lesson they would be likely to remember; and so arranged with his mother to continue temporarily in his lodgings, concealing meantime their relationship—their *ruse* being facilitated by the difference of name and Mrs. Norton's youthful appearance.

Annie kept her own counsel, and the visits of her *fiance* were received at the schoolhouse after study hours, the doctor being always accompanied by Mrs. Norton and little May. And so, for the thousandth time, "Madam Grundy" was in the wrong, the gossips were confounded, and the Misses Jerusha and Charity exclaimed, in vexation: "If we had only known," and "I wonder if she will tell the doctor and his mother all we said?" But Annie bore no malice; she was too happy in her nest of love not to pity the disappointed plotters; and the handsome young doctor was once more the universal favorite, though no longer an eligible match.

MEN are generally like waggons; they rattle prodigiously when there is nothing in them.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CURE FOR WARTS.—Touch the wart with a little nitrate of silver (lunar caustic), or with nitric acid, or aromatic vinegar. The lunar caustic produces black, and the nitric acid a yellow stain. Sparks of frictional electricity, repeated daily, by applying the warts to the conductor of an electrical machine, have also been successfully employed as a cure for these troublesome and unsightly excrescences.

TO REMOVE DRY INK STAINS FROM CARPETS.—Make a paste of arsenic and water, and spread it upon the stain. When it has dried, wash it up, and repeat the process until the stains are removed. Of course, great care should be employed in the use of a substance so poisonous as arsenic. Another correspondent says she has partially removed the color from dry ink spots by wetting them with strong vinegar.

TO CLEAN KID OR DOESKIN GLOVES.—Fold a towel three or four times, and lay the glove upon it. Dip a bit of white flannel into a little milk; rub it on a cake of white or brown soap, and rub the glove with it. Commence at the wrist, and rub lengthwise towards the tips of the fingers, holding the glove firmly with the left hand. When all the soiled parts are cleansed, spread out the gloves on a towel to dry, and pull them crosswise. When quite dry, put them on the hands to stretch into shape.

CEMENT FOR KNIFE HANDLES.—The best cement for this purpose consists of one pound of colophony (purchaseable at the druggists) and eight ounces of sulphur, which are to be melted together, and either kept in bars or reduced to powder. One part of the powder is to be mixed with half a part of iron filings, fine sand or brick dust, and the cavity of the handle is then to be filled with this mixture. The stem of the knife or fork is then to be heated and inserted in the cavity, and when cold it will be found fixed to its place with great tenacity.

WATERPROOF BLACKING.—The following receipt not only renders the leather and stitches waterproof and preserves them from the weather, but also preserves their polish when exposed to rain or moisture: Take two ounces of mutton tallow and two ounces of beeswax; melt this over the fire, and add two tablespoonfuls of soft soap, stirred in slowly. Rub together in a mortar and powder finely two and a half ounces of lamp-black, half an ounce of indigo and six ounces of fine white sugar. Mix them with the melted fat and soap, slowly stirring in the powder. Take from the fire when well dissolved, and turn in half a pint of oil of turpentine. Stir until the whole mass is well incorporated, and keep in bottles tightly corked. Another receipt for waterproof blacking is as follows, and the materials are less costly: Take six tablespoonfuls of soap and melt with one pound of beeswax. To this, when thoroughly mixed, add four ounces of ivory-black or lamp-black, in powder; one ounce of Prussian blue, pulverized, and mix with the wax and soap. Then stir in two ounces of linseed oil; take from the fire, and add half a pint of turpentine. Only a small quantity of either of the two last receipts is required to polish harness, boots or shoes, and it should be carefully spread over the surface of the leather, and then polished with a soft brush.

THE following is related of King Louis of Bavaria: He has not outgrown his mania for whimsical follies, though he has not equaled, of late years, his notion of having a lake constructed on the roof of the royal palace, where it still exists, and whereon he meant, in imitation of Lohengrin, to sail in a boat drawn by swans. The architect declared at first that the thing could not be done. "But it *must* be done," quoth King Louis; and the "must" of princes being potential, the lake was constructed. Then a difficulty arose. The waters of the lake were not a pretty color. The king wanted them to be blue, after the fashion of romantic sheets of water. So the water was drawn off, and the sides and bottom of the tank were painted blue, but still the water refused to show the azure tint. Then an infusion of indigo was tried, and the lake looked blue enough, but the unhappy swans got dyed by sailing upon its bosom. So the modern Lohengrin had the tank refilled with pure water, and resigned himself to the idea of a colorless lake. This odd construction was at one time shown to strangers, but a Frenchman wrote to one of the Parisian papers a highly ludicrous account of it, which, coming to the knowledge of the king, so incensed him, that he forbade the guardians of the palace ever to show his cherished lake again to strangers, and so the public is shut out from all prospect of ever again inspecting the marvel.

THE COLISEUM.

A correspondent of the London *Times* has written a singularly interesting account of what may fairly be called the disinterment of the Coliseum, now proceeding under the direction of Signor Rosa; and the picture which it presents of the engineering ingenuity, as well as architectural splendor, which the Romans devoted to their truculent sports, is rather awful. The excavations have now laid bare part of the arena, which is proved to have been a solid floor, paved with herring-bone work, and not a movable platform. Upon the arena converged a number of large tunnel-shaped corridors, having a series of lateral chambers vast enough to accommodate scores of animals, and with an adjustment of gates such that, without danger to the keepers, even the hundred lions, recorded by Vopiscus as having bounded on its floor together, might be shown to the eighty-seven thousand lords of creation in the amphitheatre. A magnificent corridor, not yet perfectly cleared, but having evidently no lateral galleries, doubtless represents the passage through which the gladiator emerged to his duel and the martyr to his cross. Through it, too, it would seem, were removed the slaughtered corpses and carcasses, while the applause of the audience and the bellowing of the other beasts waiting for their gates to swing round must have made terrible harmonies.

A DULL but kindly person is at times a great comfort. A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not relieve our dazzled eyes more than such a one our minds.

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Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
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Vol. 54, No. 15.---Contents.

First Page.
Poem—A Home in the Heart.
Gentleman Dick; or, The Cruise of the Dolphin. Chapters, VIII, IX.
Second Page.
Gentleman Dick, continued.
Poem—Memories.
Face to Face; or, Sinning for Her Sake, Chapters XXXI, XXXII.
Third Page.
Face to Face, contin'd.
Poem — The Fortune Teller.
What the Gossips Said.
Receipts.
Fourth Page.
Announcements.
Poem—Granite Mill—1874.
A Garden Scene.
Faith, Hope and Charity.
Studies From My Window, No. 8.
Every-Day Heroes.
Beautiful Faces.
News of Interest.
Fifth Page.
Fairies' Column—Daffodill.
Doing Good.
Poem—Rye-and-Bye.
Wrung from the Grave, Chapters XXIV, XXV.
Sixth Page.
Wrung from the Grave, Continued.
Our Own Sphinx.
Poem—Ten To One.
Legends of the Rhine. No. 2. Roland and Hildegund.
Seventh Page.
Facetiæ.
Story of a Devil Fish.
A Snail Supper.
Tapping for Toddy.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
Poem — I've lost my Heart.
My Personal, and the Result Thereof.
A Rogue Elephant.
Correspondents' Bureau. Answers to all Inquirers.

No. 17!

In No. 17 we shall commence

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR;

The Lone Star of Texas,

a thrilling and brilliant romance of

BORDER LIFE AND INDIAN WARFARE,

by the talented and popular author,

CHARLES MORRIS.

Full announcement of the main scenes and incidents will be given in our next.

To all who remit us now, we will date their subscription from No. 17, *and send them in addition, free of charge, the four papers, from No.* 13, which contain all yet published of the very attractive and interesting story, now running in our columns, entitled:

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

Now is the time to send in your subscriptions, and thus receive the Post one month gratuitously.

1875.—ABOUT POSTAGE, CLUB RATES, TERMS, ETC.

Heretofore the postage on the Post has been twenty cents a year, payable in advance, quarterly, by the subscriber, at the office where the paper was received. Under the new Postal Law, which goes into operation on the first of January next, the amount of postage *must be prepaid weekly, by the publisher, at the post-office in this city.*

Many leading publications have been increased in price, and the clubbing rates of most of them materially changed for the coming year.

As the Post has probably a larger mail circulation than any other of the first-class literary weeklies, the new law will entail upon us a very heavy outlay, without any return whatever, *as we have determined not to increase our subscription price, even to club subscribers.* We make this announcement thus early in order to give our old friends in the country, who desire to form clubs, the benefit thereof; and hope they will call the attention of their neighbors to the fact, and say to them that the Post, a large eight page journal, printed on fine white paper, beautifully illustrated, containing forty-eight columns of the choicest reading matter, will be sent, postage paid by us, to any address, on the following terms:

TO SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS.

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Our arrangements for Literary matter—Serials, Tales, Sketches, Poems, in addition to contributions to all our Special Departments—are very full and complete.

The Post during the coming year will contain a larger fund of instruction, amusement and entertainment than can be procured, for the same terms, in any other paper published.

Lending Money.—In order to make an enemy, lend a man a small sum of money for a day. Call upon him in a week for it. Wait two months. In three months insist upon his paying you. He will get angry, denounce you, and ever after speak of you in abusive terms. We have seen this experiment tried repeatedly, and never knew it to fail.

GRANITE MILL.—1874.

BY JAY J. SANCKEY.

Charred, scorched and scar, thy ruins lay,
Oh, Granite!—and thine awful fire
Hath marked with black that fatal day,
And lit a ghastly funeral pyre:
No more the busy loom shall sing
Its tireless song to girlish ears;
No more thy morning bell shall ring
To work the old and young in years.

In ruin hushed, thy whirling life
Hath met the last repose of earth;
No more shall come the daily strife—
The merry "hands," with jest and mirth.
Around thy walls, that awful morn,
The King of Terrors strode unheard,
And from his torch the fires were borne
That made thee ashes at his word.

The lurid flames, the thick'ning smoke,
The struggle, and the last sad cries
That through the fiery furnace broke,
Went up before All-Seeing eyes.
No costly stone may mark thy fate,
Oh, Granite!—nor thy victims' rest;
But hearts will live on, desolate,
And keep thee fresh in ev'ry breast!

Oh, broken homes! Oh, vacant chairs!
Oh, hearts that faint with deadly pain!
A pitying Heaven hears your prayers,
And counts the tears that fall as rain.
Lord of the living and the dead,
Give strength to call it all Thy will!
Bless those who live—Thy mercy shed
O'er dear ones "lost within the Mill."

A GARDEN SCENE.

[Not from "Faust."]

BY G. DE B.

It was the strangest story. I never had such an idea, you know, that I should ever be the heroine of a garden scene—if I do think it the loveliest part of "Faust." But I'll just begin at the beginning.

You see, Cousin Tom came home that spring from the German University, where he had been studying ever since I was—oh, so high, and he was full of wild delicious stories of German life—of music and song, and duel and dancing, until pleasure of every kind wore a "Deutsche" garb in my imagination—and so that summer when the papers announced that there was to be a series of "Summer Nacht Concerts," held out in the open air—in a garden, Tom waltzed me all round the room in an ecstasy of delight.

"Now, Mignonne," he cried, "you shall taste a little of German life!"

"And beer?" I asked, with a grimace.

"*Das kommt d'con,*" replied Tom, laughing.

"Oh, yes; 'fun' for you, but 'bitter beer' for me," returned I, with vivid recollections of some deceitfully nice looking froth I had sipped out of Tom's glass once.

"Ah, *Kleine,* you must learn to like it—it will make you strong and *schone.*"

That's just the way Tom went on—putting into his talk queer German words and phrases, to say nothing of putting into my head queer ideas of German eating and drinking.

But, ah! shall I ever forget the first time he took me to that fairyland-like Summer Garden!

It was a warm June night; up in the sky the moon was half hid behind fleecy clouds, but a hundred moons seemed to shine out from among the softly flickering leaves of the locust trees, where hung the great white globes of light. Little tables were scattered all through the garden walks, and at each table sat a merry party of joyous faced people, laughing, talking and drinking—in German—until I began to feel at last as though I must have crossed the ocean and was in some of the foreign places Tom had told me of so often.

The band played Strauss and Lanner and Offenbach; and when we had found a quiet little table, and listened to the music awhile, Tom said we must have some beer.

"Can't I have water, please?" I asked, plaintively.

The little German waiter-boy looked at me curiously, and Tom said:

"No. In Rome we do as the Romans do; but you shall have some *weiss* beer—it is not so bitter."

When the little boy came with our "*weiss* lager," Tom's, brown and bitter, in a short fat glass cup with a handle; mine, white and sour, in a tall *ladylike*-looking glass vase! I looked round me. Everybody had a glass before them. It was all delightfully strange and intoxicating—the music, and the air, and the people, not the beer, please, I couldn't drink that. I sat entranced while the band played "Haydn's Serenade" and "Amyrellis;" presently I felt a pair of eyes upon me—you know that curious sensation one has when one is being stared at. I turned, and discovered, sitting at a table near us, the owner of the eyes. He was a pale, melancholy-looking young man, all in white and black, with face and eyes to match, and very *distingue* looking, indeed. I suppose he saw me blush at his gaze, for he moved his seat to the table behind us; but I could see him still, from under my eyelashes, looking at me, oh, so intently.

Tom didn't observe him. I was so glad, too, for Tom is ridiculously sensitive at people looking at me, just as if I didn't fluff and friz my blonde hair and make myself look just as pretty as ever I can on purpose to be looked at!

We left the Garden at ten o'clock. I didn't want to go, the concert was not over, but Tom said he would not have me out late, and I might come again soon.

"I'll bring you Friday, Leanora, the 'Garden Scene' is on Friday's programme," said Tom, just as we passed the table where the dark eyes still stared at me. The band was playing Manrico's solo in "Trovatore," and the eyes seemed to say with the music, "adio Lenore."

Of course I wondered if "Manrico," as I named him in my thoughts, would be there, too, on Friday; and I dreamed of his eyes several times before that evening. Tom wondered what made me so capricious about my toilette that night. I wore my leghorn hat with the pale blue feather, and my white Hernani suit, and Tom said I looked like a "Bisque china doll," with my blonde hair, black eyes and rose colored cheeks.

He was there! I saw him the minute we entered the Garden. How handsome he looked and how his face lighted up when he saw me! My heart beat, oh, so fast, and I was so flustrated at seeing him that I let Tom order that hateful beer for me again without telling him I wouldn't have it. It made me sick to see it, and besides it looked so unromantic.

But there it was on the table before I scarcely knew that I was seated. The music was just lovely, the "Duchesse" and all those pretty lively French opera airs. I was keeping time with my head and fan when, just as Tom whispered, "Don't do that Leanora, it attracts attention," who should walk over to our table but "Manrico" with an officer beside him. He stooped down and said in a low voice to Tom, "I am sorry to be obliged to arrest this young lady, your companion; will you please come right along without any words?"

Tom looked up at him. I never would have believed Tom could look so dreadful, then turning to me, Tom said:

"Leanora, come with me over to that table where Dr. Bruner is sitting. I will leave you in his charge a few minutes, and return immediately."

The two men followed us closely. Tom spoke to the doctor in a whisper, the doctor spoke to the officer sharply, and then Tom went off with the two men, leaving me with Dr. Bruner, frightened almost into a faint. What did it mean! Arrest me! and I began to cry.

Dr. Bruner assured me there was no cause whatever for alarm, and said Tom would be back in a few minutes, and didn't I "want to hear that 'Garden Scene' music the band was playing?"

"I've had quite enough of a Garden Scene," I answered, trying to swallow down my tears.

He laughed at my distress, and kept me from a regular fit of hysteria by his calm, cool way of arguing down my fears.

In a short time Tom returned, and although he laughed it off, I knew he had been very angry indeed. Going home then he explained the mystery. It appears my *distingue* looking dark eyed "Manrico," was only a police detective on the track of a notorious counterfeiter. I, answering the exact description of his fair accomplice and companion, a "young lady with black eyes, blonde tresses and named Leanora," had attracted his notice, and wishing to receive the large reward offered for her arrest, he had determined to secure me!

And I had thought him admiring me all this time and had almost lost my heart!

"I'll cut off every braid and curl of this hateful yellow hair!" I cried, "It's my *bete noir.*" Tom laughed. "Yes it is," I went on, "don't everybody look at me on the street, and its just my hair, and I'll have it cropped!"

But Tom wouldn't let me, he said he liked it better than any other kind, and he said he liked me better than any other. Oh, dear, you know of course that was how Tom and I came to be married! who else would have had a girl threatened with arrest!

We often go to the Garden concerts, but since that night I have never been the heroine of a Garden Scene!

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

BY A. L. D.

Journeying along the realms of fancy, I chanced to meet three beautiful females, whose dresses were nothing but pure white robes bound around the waist by scarfs of a similar color, except one, who, in addition, wore a white mantle. They had nothing on their heads but wreaths of flowers, which shone in nice contrast to their luxuriant hair. The features were expressive, and somehow in each of them I recognized something I had seen among the realities of earth.

I was invisible to them; and as they journeyed I was with them. I learned from their conversation that their names were respectively Faith, Hope, and Charity.

They had not proceeded far when they were joined by three others, whose companionship I noticed they did not care about; but, being gentle in disposition, they said nothing. The new-comers were all, I thought, repulsive looking, and their names did not convert me to a better opinion. They were Distrust, Despair, and Self; or, as I in my own mind afterwards termed them, the Evil Trio.

Soon they all came to an old woman bent with age, and who was in vain trying to carry a load, of what I could not make out, but her very movement showed indecision.

"Oh, dear," said she, "I shall never get there!"

Faith whispered in her ear, "Courage—courage! Keep your eye on me, I'll help you."

Straightway she brightened up, and I noticed that she walked with less difficulty—in fact, got along quite well, until Distrust said something to attract her attention from Faith, when she appeared to sink into her former state; and sitting down, she cried, "Oh, dear, what shall I do? what shall I do?"

At this the evil trio laughed derisively, and I thought I had never seen anything more kind and touching than at this juncture, to see Charity advance, and without saying a word, hold her broad mantle in such a way as to perfectly hide the old woman from her tormentors.

Hope then advanced to her side, and said, "Cheer up; if you'll but believe in Faith and me, you'll get there without much trouble."

Hope had hardly left her side, when Despair tried in the most discouraging terms to convince her that "she was wrong, it was of no use," etc.

At this, the old woman, with the credulity and forgetfulness of the aged, faltered, paused, and fell, at which the evil trio again laughed derisively as they pointed at her.

Charity, with a sad look, again swung her cloak in front of the old woman to shield her, whilst tears covered Faith's gentle face and dimmed Hope's bright eyes; but each of the latter caught hold of the old woman's hands, and with reassuring words assisted her to rise, when she appeared to get along quite well again. But the moment they had left her, Self startled her by the question, "Why do you make this journey? It can do *you* no good."

She paused reflectively, and shook her head, as much as to say, "That's true."

But Charity interposed, and said, "You have promised, and you must fulfil that promise. You must not allow considerations of Self to interfere in this matter."

At this, Self frowned, and Despair and Distrust looked sullen. Hope was again advancing to the old woman's side to say something, when the evil trio tried to seize hold of her, at which Charity threw her mantle in front of her. They would still have tried to catch Hope, and one of them even took hold of the mantle, when, strange metamorphosis! on its centre there appeared a cross which shone like fire, and illumined the countenances of Faith, Hope, and Chairity with an effulgent light, but throwing into a dark shade the faces of Self, Despair, and Distrust. At this, they were dismayed, and fled in haste, leaving the old woman and her companions to pursue their journey in peace.

The cross was the signet mark of divinity; and thus protected, the old woman reached her destination in safety.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 8.—RIGHTED AT LAST.

Should misfortune overtake us early in our lives, it may prove a real blessing in disguise, but I pitied young Robert Syres from the bottom of my heart.

I had watched from my window the outward signs of his growing prosperity—his rise and progress from the errand boy to the junior partner in some mercantile firm. I had noted the beginning of his love for Lillian Clare, the seeming affectionate esteem which each had toward the other, and I knew that every one respected them and prophesied great results.

Robert Syres was not the man to look upon such results as his rightful due. He did not look upon the world as his debtor. Flattery did not swerve him from hard work and strong endeavor; and Lillian seemed to give him all the encouragement to persevere, which a bright, confiding, happy woman's trust inspires in most honorable men.

But a shadow came at last—storm-clouds gathered over the mercantile horizon. The firm with which Robert was connected was one of the first to give way to the impetuous onslaught of the panic, and collapsed utterly. This was the time, I thought, for Lillian to smoothen the rough places—to prove her love and loyalty.

I was mistaken. So long as the prospect of new and lucrative employment opened before him, there was little change in her manner or demeanor. But when, after weeks of vain application, Robert found that nearly every firm of which he had any knowledge was decreasing instead of increasing its working staff, and that hundreds, like himself, were thrown out of employ, I noticed a great change in Lillian's bearing; she grew haughty and reserved, petulant and, I thought, unkind.

This was the worst trial of all to Robert Syres. The change perplexed him greatly. He would not think that it was caused by his altered circumstances. Their wedding might be delayed; but certainly she would not annul their engagement, because, for the present, he was growing poorer every day.

"I suppose these troubles will soon be over, dear Lillian," he said, one day. "It is only that I must make a new beginning—perhaps it will be a brighter, better one."

"Don't you think, Robert," she said, "there has been some mistake—that we ought to have waited to have understood each other, before—before we were engaged, not that I wish to—it binds you to one place, you see. You might do better if——"

"If I was free, you think. Nay, Lilian, it is the thought of your welcome that will prompt me to renewed endeavor."

He would not understand her meaning even then.

But the current of their lives gradually drifted apart, and at last he learned that she did not really care for him. Perhaps it was well for Robert that he learned in time that she had merely accepted his proposal because it was her best chance. "Robert is a rising young man," the world said, and if Lillian married, she was determined her husband should be one who was likely to make a position for her superior to her own.

It was bitterly hard though, that the loss of good fortune should entail the loss of love to Robert. A better woman would have clung to him more firmly. Such a one was Lillian's sister Kate.

"I am ashamed of you, Lillian," Kate said, when her sister passed him haughtily, with the slightest recognition. His poverty was beginning to become noticeable in his dress. "Robert is one among a thousand, and he deserves better treatment from you."

"I am sure I don't know why. You can't expect me to wait for years and years until he can affort to keep a wife. It wasn't my fault that he failed in business."

"Nor his," said Kate, quietly.

Matters grew worse with Robert after that; neither in the city nor out of it could he obtain employment. He became careless in his habits, untidy in his dress. He was nearly broken-hearted.

The crisis came, his money was all gone. He would not apply for help to those who were once his friends. He would do anything rather than that. He became conductor on one of the street cars.

He shuddered at the nature of his employment, but it was better than none. The hours were long and wearisome, the remuneration was small. His cheeks blanched at the suggestion of an unscrupulous fellow employee that he should "knock down" a certain sum per diem, meaning that he should rob the company to that extent. Of course, he indignantly refused to be tempted.

"Then you will ruin some of us," said his adviser, candidly. "Your returns are always greater than ours."

The worst time of all was when Lillian and her sister rode in his car, as they sometimes did, purposely, perhaps, perhaps accidentally. The conduct of the two girls differed strangely. Lillian handed her fare to the conductor without the least recognition. Kate smiled and nodded graciously. Robert blushed and fumbled with the tell-tale apparatus, and registered too many fares, and, after a few such mental agonies, he gave up his employment rather than suffer them.

By-and-by there was a change for the better. His position and integrity were the theme of casual remark. A merchant who had advertised for help (which advertisement Robert, of course, had answered, expecting no reply), overheard the conversation. Robert was sent for, and duly installed in a position very humble to the one he had fallen from, but it was a little way up the ladder again, and he became more hopeful.

"He will rise again," said Kate, to her sister Lillian; "unless your merciless conduct has crushed his energy."

"Really, Kate, I am not to blame. If he should be successful, I shall be very glad. In that event he could come to me again, though what possessed him to run those horrid cars?"

"You never loved him, Lillian," said Kate, and there was a light upon her face that revealed her secret to me. Kate loved him—would have clung to him all through.

Poor child, her love was hopeless when Robert was engaged to her sister—would it be hopeless now? I wondered.

He persevered, and in a very few months he improved his position vastly. He seemed to have forgotten Lillian, and yet very often a shadow fell over his face that never rested there in the old times. He was less cheerful, less contented with his lot.

Meeting Kate one day, I fancied I could read the secret of his distress; that tell-tale blush which brightened her delicate cheek was reflected upon his.

"You must not blame me for my sister," she said nervously. "Let us be friends."

"Were we not always friends, Kate?" he answered. "I am sure of it; and I loved you like a brother."

Her face paled a little; that was not the kind of love she needed, perhaps.

"I loved you like a brother, Kate, in those times, and now, if you would accept it, I could give you my whole heart. It is but a small offering; will you take it from me, Kate?"

"My sister, Lillian," she murmured, thoughtfully.

"We never cared for each other," he replied. "I thought I loved her, but she convinced me of my error. She also was mistaken. I do not think there was much pain in our separation, except that I was proud and she was—well, I have made a strange discovery. I loved you, Kate, even in those times, and I never loved your sister as I love you now."

Her hand rested nervously in his. Her lips trembled, but she made no answer.

"Do you know," he continued, tenderly, "that it was your smile that encouraged me when all the world seemed to oppose me, that your kindness nerved me for continued effort. So it is to you that I must look for my reward, if I am deserving of reward."

If he was deserving! He who had struggled so heroically. He whom every one respected—and he loved her! There was no doubting it, for the words were spoken.

"I love you, Robert," she whispered. And that was all she said—all that he needed to inspire him—the anxious, weary look was gone.

Their courtship was a sweet one, and very short. She decided to share his struggles as well as their results, and no one doubts the wisdom of her choice.

Thus, as I have said, misfortunes are frequently real blessings. However much I pitied Robert Syres, I am glad for his sake, and for Kate's, too, that the run of his prosperity was broken for a time.

EVERY-DAY HEROES.

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature." This enunciation which has passed into a proverb, is admitted as an axiom by almost everybody—an admission, however, often theoretical rather than practical. Every day we see men and women carrying burdens far beyond their strength to endure, and so borrowing from the years to come vigor and energy to serve them for the passing year, crowding into the present year the work which, consulting the proverb just quoted, should be distributed among many days. We must remember that opportunity is not always ours; while it is day we must work with our might, for the night cometh. In the heat of noble battle, men are counted wise who sacrifice everything—life itself—that they may gain the victory. Circumstances over which we have no control often demand exertions which seem herculean and are far beyond our strength. Many a farmer has every day this past summer overdrawn his health account from sheer compulsion, many a farmer's wife laid up in store for the future aches and pains while meeting the imperious demands of the passing days. There are times in the lives of most of us when we cannot take counsel with flesh and blood, when our pathway lies along thorny and rugged ways, and there is no choice but to go forward, bearing cheerfully as we may the burdens imposed, and honoring every draft made upon us. Bankruptcies in business life occur daily. We honor the man who, to meet the demands of his creditors, gives up all the earnings of years of industry, and cheerfully begins life again at the lowest round. Even so are we called on sometimes to sacrifice health, and life itself, for that which cannot otherwise be secured, and which is worthy the immolation. While we are in duty bound to observe the laws of life and health, there are cases where a higher duty demands the utmost sacrifice we can make, and those who make such sacrifice with cheerfulness and alacrity we call heroes.

BEAUTIFUL FACES.

Ruskin, one of the most famous of living authors, says that it is every woman's duty to make herself handsome, and that she can do it in a great degree. Of course he does not intend that a woman should permit her mind to run upon her personal appearance to its distraction from things of more importance; but that she should keep her person neat and attractive, and cultivate a spirit of kindness; avoiding all uncharitableness, envy, jealousy, and the mean and despicable thoughts which engender evil passions, and thus imprint upon her face the graces which will outshine the transient bloom of youthful beauty.

And as age creeps on apace we can write pleasant histories upon our faces, and impart to them a prettiness that they lacked even in childhood's gladdest hour, "an' it please us."

To be pretty seems to some girls the grand aim of life. To them we say cultivate the graces of disposition, which, unknown to yourself, will illuminate your faces. Beauty, without beauty of the soul, cannot endow its possessor with happiness; but its possession often engenders jealousies and detraction, and its owner is made to feel the sting of viperous fangs.

So cultivate prettiness, young ladies, and remember these lines:

"Beautiful faces they that wear
The light of the pleasant spirit there.
It matters little if dark or fair.

"Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through"

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any.

As chess is said to serve for instruction in war and government, so for children the future laurels and the tree of knowledge grow in the play-ground.

How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart. How mournfully swell the chimes of the days that are no more.

Sorrow for the dead has a sacred efficacy. There may be some truth in the old superstition that no truth is so healing as that of a dead man's hand.

News of Interest

What "they say," generally, is not worth saying.

Mississippi owes three and a half millions of dollars.

The book of October is bright with illuminated leaves.

$3,000,000,000 is the amount of Illinois' taxable property.

It cost $400,000 to transport Cleopatra's Needle from Egypt to Paris.

The salaries of masculine and feminine teachers in San Francisco have been equalized.

They call dipsomania nuthomania now. The thomania may be a nu, but it is the same old drunk.

It is supposed that the immigration to this country will be about 130,000 less this year than last.

Brigham Young is now reported to have recovered from everything but his numerous mothers-in-law.

Beulah is the pleasant name of a new town in Kansas, which is bounded by Cow, Thunderbolt and Lightning creeks.

Madame Thiers, who is over seventy years of age, wears jaunty little hats that would be youthful for a woman of thirty.

The total number of complete patents issued in England last year was 2,906. In the United States, 12,964 were issued during the same time.

In Japanese theatres the performer is followed about the stage by a figure in black who holds a lighted candle to assist the vision of the spectators.

Miss Sherman, now Mrs. Fitch, has been called an Ohio *fleur de lis*, on the principle that Miss Grant was a Missouri rose, and Miss Stewart a "Nevada goldbrick."

The Duke of Edinburg has been opening the Triennial Musical Festival at Liverpool. According to the telegraphic news, the Duke is now having a *try*-ing musical festival of his own on a small scale.

Fashionable women in Paris now wear attached to a belt around their waists an alms-bag, a fan, a card-case, a pocket-book, an umbrella, a turnip watch, a pin-cushion, some ivory tablets and a little mirror.

Three young English ladies, unaccompanied by any gentlemen, recently made the ascension of Mont Blanc. Upon their return to Chamounix the inhabitants of the village presented them with an address and bouquets and flowers, in acknowledgment of their bravery and fortitude.

America now largely supplies the United Kingdom with oysters, either in a fresh state or preserved in tins. It is calculated that in the State of Maryland alone 5,282 persons are employed in dredging. As many as 10,947,803 bushels of oysters were taken in 1870-'71, while the waters of Virginia are said to be equally productive. In the great oyster markets of Baltimore, where immense quantities of oysters are tinned, over 10,000 hands are employed in this branch of the trade.

There have been, up to the present time, more Irish than German arrivals, but the tide is now rapidly turning, and in a few years the Germans will have the preponderance. Prior to 1819 no official record was kept of the number and character of the persons coming to the United States from abroad. The extent of the immigration prior to that date has been differently estimated by various authorities. From 1820 to 1873, inclusive, the German emigrants to this country numbered 2,664,420; the Irish emigrants, 2,907,565. It is only since 1848 that German emigration to this country became important.

Formerly, in cases of fractured crockery, it was the cat. In Worcester, Mass., it was the gas. The servant-maid came into the dining-room to light the aforesaid gas. Upon the table was a glass goblet full of water. With one hand resting on the goblet Mary (or Bridget) with the other turned the key of the burner, allowing the gas to escape for an instant. Then touching the match, the gas flashed, and "the goblet instantly flew into pieces." Scientific explanation—"The vibrations of the gas-jet were so violent as to cause vibrations in the glass too violent for it to bear." Too thin, we suppose.

A sad incident is related in connection with the recent Fall River disaster. A bereaved mother, whose three daughters were killed, still believes them to be living. Every day, when the factory bells are ringing for dinner, the woman, who saw her three daughters borne away to be buried that Sunday, takes a tin pail, as she used to do, and starts for Granite Mill No. 1. Sometimes her neighbors divert her attention by telling her that is not bell time, but other days she walks to the place where the mill once stood, sees nothing that she can recognize, turns back in a dazed way, and goes to her deserted home again.

Jack in the Box.—Some years ago there lived a personage well known to the London police under the sobriquet of "Jack in the Box." He had perfected a most ingenious system of theft, which he worked with great pecuniary profit, though in the result disastrously. He had a box so constructed that he could himself lie in it easily and obtain the air necessary for respiration. He would have this luggage booked from one station to another and labelled, "To be left till called for." He took care to send it by a train that would arrive at its destination in the middle of the night, so that all the luggage, including his box—which included himself—would be stored till the next morning. Then, in the middle of the night, when all the luggage had been safely locked up, he would get out of his own box, and deliberately, and at his leisure, open all the trunks which he found around him. He would have plenty of time for this purpose, and he had about him duplicates of all the keys employed by trunk-makers, so that he could open whatever he liked. He never took too much out of any one box, or robbed from more than one box of the same party, but went impartially collecting whatever was most valuable and least likely to be traced. These he packed into his own box and retired with them, duly locking himself up. In the morning he would be called for and handed over by the unconscious railway porters to his confederates in the scheme.

DAFFODIL.

BY A. F. MILL.

Daffodil went out into the world to seek his fortune; and meeting a good-natured old dwarf, they travelled very sociably together. At the end of the first day they came to a splendid castle, and knocked at the gate, and the master himself came to the door.

"What do you want?" asked the master.

"A supper and a bed," said the dwarf.

"Then," said the master, "you can go to the inn. I have no more now than I want for myself."

And going in, he slammed the gate in their faces. Daffodil was very angry indeed.

"What a miserable wretch!" he said to the dwarf. "Now, if I had such a castle, I would order the porter to give every one that asked it a bed, a loaf of bread, and a pint of beer."

"That would require the half of your fortune," said the dwarf.

"I should not care for that," answered Daffodil.

"Very good," said the dwarf; "you see here another great castle. It is mine, but I give it to you. Be careful, however, that you do not imitate the master whom we have just left."

"No fear of that!" answered Daffodil, who was overjoyed to find himself the master of this splendid castle; and the very first order he gave was, as he had said, that the porter should give every one that asked, a bed, a loaf, and a pint of beer.

As soon as it became known throughout the country, the porter had plenty of business, for it was quite astonishing how many people travelled that way who had no bed, beer, or loaves of their own; and at first Daffodil was highly pleased, because he heard himself constantly called the good Daffodil, and the generous Daffodil; but when the steward came in with the bill, it was so long that it reached from Daffodil's room to outside of the gate. Daffodil tried to count the pints and loaves, and counted on and on for two days; but finding himself then only a little way down the bill, he set his treasurer at counting who counted till he fell ill of fatigue, and then was only half-way down.

"Come, this won't do," said Daffodil; "I shall be ruined at this rate. You must only give half a loaf of bread, and half a pint of beer."

The next quarter, however, the bill was twice as long as before, and Daffodil flew into a rage.

"I won't have the whole country eating and drinking up my money," said he; "you must only give food to every other one that asks for it."

And then Daffodil thought that he should have no more trouble about the matter; but it happened about this time that Daffodil went to Court, and there he saw that all the great lords who lived in splendid castles like himself wore a velvet suit, with diamonds on all the seams, sat in a chair of gold, ate out of gold dishes, and had twenty servants, all dressed in satin, to wait on him.

Daffodil went home in a hurry, and said to his steward, "You must get me, at once, a velvet suit with diamonds on all the seams, twenty servants all dressed in satin, and the horses for them to ride, a chair of gold, and dishes of gold."

"You have not money enough, Lord Daffodil," said the steward.

"Then," said Daffodil, "instead of giving supper to every other traveler, give it to every fourth one that comes."

"That may buy the velvet suit with diamonds on the seams," said the steward, "but it will not save you money enough for the servants in satin, and the gold chair and plate."

"I must have them," answered Daffodil; "and if that is the case, give only to every tenth one that passes."

"That will save enough for the servants in satin; but still you can't have the horses, and the gold chair, and the gold plate," returned the steward.

"Give to none, then! give to none!" screamed Daffodil, in a fury; "I will have them all, I tell you. Turn every soul away from the gates, and give the servants no beer but once a week; and then I shall have money to buy what I want."

So Daffodil had his velvet suit, his servants, and his golden plate; and all the poor were turned away from his gate. But one day, came an old man with a white beard, and begged so pitifully, that the porter was sorry for him, and went to ask Daffodil if he might take him in. When Daffodil heard this, he got up in a rage from his golden chair, and came down to the gate.

"Did I not tell you to give to none?" cried he. "Go to an inn, old man; I have no more than I want for myself."

But think how frightened he was, when, looking closer, he saw it was the very dwarf who had made him master of the castle.

"Miserable wretch!" said the dwarf, "how are you better than the man at whom you were so angry? Get out of my gate."

So Daffodil was driven out into the world again, poorer than before.

One Chance for the Silent.

Ned liked such a silent face; he looked so wise and moved so deliberately and discreetly that every one on the common, when he first went there, felt a respect for him.

"He is a reflecting fellow, I should think!" remarked the Dun Cow, as she watched him grazing, while she chewed the cud. "I like your reflecting people!"

"Oh, yes, and he is evidently sensible and discriminating," said the old Mare. "You see how he follows me wherever I go; at a distance, and quietly, but very constantly."

"That is because he has found out that you know where the best pasture is," said Bob, dryly; "and certainly it shows his sagacity. I have no doubt when we get more intimate with him we shall all be much delighted with his society."

Ned was so elated with these flattering opinions of his merits that he stuck up his head and gave two or three loud brays.

"Who'd have thought it," said the Dun Cow, "he is nothing but an ass, *after* all!"

DOING GOOD.

BY IDA FAY.

The sun was going down upon Florence as she sat with her mother in the verandah, and her face was sad, though the sunlight fell full upon it.

"Mother, I am sorry that I ever had anything to do with Mary Arlington."

"Why so, my child?"

"Because she only uses my kindness for her own selfishness. I have helped her in her lessons, and I got her off when she was in trouble with her teacher, Miss Atkins; and you know that I let Miss Atkins think that *I* had broken the rules, rather than that *she* should be exposed. And she has never thanked me. And I know that she says hateful things about me behind my back. I am tired of being kind to her, and getting nothing for it but her selfishness."

"Well, my dear, did you act kindly for the sake of getting something back for it? Ought we not to act generously for our own sake, even more than for others' sake?"

"I don't see any use in being generous, when it only makes people worse."

"But our Master says, 'If ye love them that love you, what reward (or merit) have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?' It is very pleasant to receive kindness for kindness. But no one is acting as a Christian that is not willing to show kindness and self-denial to those who are ungrateful and selfish."

Nothing more was said at this time. Florence had the matter upon her heart all the evening, and was glad when bed-time came, that she might sleep off all her troubles.

She soon fell asleep and began to dream. Now Dreamland is Fairyland. All manner of queer people are moving about in Dreamland, and very remarkable things happen there. Florence had gone to sleep without shutting her chamber window, and the wind must have been a little cool, for she dreamed that the snow lay all upon the ground. And she saw a man with a large bag slung diagonally across his breast, sowing some kind of seeds. It seemed very strange to her to see him casting seed on snow, and so she dreamed that she asked him, "Will the seed come up in the snow?"

When he heard her, he turned his face, and she thought she never saw a farmer with so noble a countenance. His eyes were large and sad, and yet there was also a look in them of calm hopefulness.

"We sow our grass seed upon the snow, in hopes that by-and-by the snow will melt, and then the seed, sprouted by its moisture, will come up." And then fixing his eyes gently upon her, as if he would mark the effect of his words, he said: "They who in this world would sow the seed of goodness must do as we farmers do, and often sow upon the bosom of snow."

She awoke—so plainly did his voice sound in her ears. Rising, she closed the window, and again fell asleep.

In a short time she began dreaming more strangely than before.

She thought that she saw a poor woman who was living upon a piece of very hard and rocky ground, trying to plant thereon some flower seeds. But every time she opened her hand the wind seemed to puff them away. At last, when her seed was almost gone, Florence thought that what had seemed to be the wind began to look like birds, and little by little they changed to beautiful spirits; and she saw that they caught in their hands the seed that would have fallen on the rock, and threw it upward; and the seed seemed to fly up and up till it was all gone out of sight.

While she stood looking up, she thought that the skies opened; and she looked through, and saw those beautiful spirits planting the very seeds that had been cast forth out of the palsied hand of the poor old woman. No sooner did they touch the ground, than they sprang up again into all manner of beautiful flowers—more beautiful a hundred times than any lilies, or roses, or jessamines that she had ever seen on earth.

As she stood admiring the wonderful sight, she turned and saw the very same person by her side that had been sowing grass seed on snow. But now he was clothed radiantly, as if the brightest clouds had been made into garments; and his face, that was beautiful before, seemed to her more beautiful than all the flowers. Then he looked very kindly upon her, and said: "My dear child, do you not see that only here and there a seed fell to the ground and came up, but that all the rest went on, and were planted in heaven? So is it with kindness among men. The earth catches a few only of the seeds of kindness sown, but all the rest go through, and are planted in heaven. And so nothing good is ever lost."

At this, he laid his hand upon her head, and such a thrill ran through her body that she sprang, and awoke. Her mother it was who had touched her, saying, "Come, Florence, it is morning. The birds are all calling you. Come."

Too Good to be True.

"Bob! Bob!" cried the Sparrows in high delight to a Robin that was hopping about, picking up what he could find; "such capital news; the men of the farm have taken pity upon us, and, knowing how much trouble we have in getting a living, they have thrown down ever so much corn; they have, indeed! There it is, open to any one; come off, for fear it should be all gone."

"Stop a minute," said Bob; "what made them put it there; was it for their own convenience?"

"It couldn't be *that*," said the Sparrows, "for it is thrown about in every direction."

"And no *bad ma duds* put up to frighten us off," said Bob, with a skeptical cock of his head.

"Not one," said the Sparrows; "it is a clear case of benevolence; the corn is meant for us, depend on it."

"Let them eat it that believe it," said Robin; "I have faith in Miss Lily, when she throws me crumbs in the winter, and I pick them up without fear; but I must have a better opinion of the friendship of the *men* and their love for us than I have, before I venture on what I little doubt is only a poisoned bait. Don't you see that it is far too good to be true? Take my advice, and be content with a bit here and a bit there, as I am, eating in safety, and don't risk your whole welfare on such such suspicious offers."

PEOPLE act first and think afterwards, taking care to reconcile their opinions to their conduct.

BYE-AND-BYE.

BY H. A. B.

Was the parting very bitter?
Was the hand-clasp very tight?
Is a storm of tear-drops falling
From a face all sad and white?
Think not of it, in the future
Calmer, fairer days are nigh;
Gaze not backward, but look onward
For a sunny "bye-and-bye."

Is your frail boat tossed and battered,
With its sails all torn and wet,
Crossing o'er a waste of waters
Over which your sun has set?
To the shore all calm and sunlit,
To the smooth sand warm and dry?
Faith shall bear your shattered vessel
Safely, surely, "bye-and-bye."

Are the eyelids very weary,
Does the tired head long for rest,
Are the temples hot and throbbing,
And the hands together pressed?
Hope shall lay you on her bosom,
Cool the poor lips parched and dry,
And shall whisper "Rest is coming,
Rest for ever, 'bye-and-bye.'"

And when calmed and cheered and freshened
By her soul-inspiring voice,
Then look up, the heavens are bright'ning,
Cease your wailing and rejoice;
Cry not out for days departed,
None will hear you, none reply;
But look on where light is breaking
O'er a brighter "bye-and-bye."

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HOUSEKEEPER GROWS SUSPICIOUS OF YOUNG MRS. DANVERS.

Miriam had herself been out for a ride, and came in, as she frequently did, quite late. She went straight to her room to remove her wrappings and prepare for tea. Eugene was not there, but that was of little consequence. Somehow her thoughts had been going back to the old days this evening, when she had been harassed with debts and poverty, that had reduced her to the condition of a nameless adventuress, until chance threw Eugene in her way. Then the fashionable world had paid homage to her, as to a queen, and her sovereignty could no longer be disputed. There might be some disturbing memories; there had been a few disturbing incidents, like the appearance of Captain Graham and Nina DaCosta, but they had been silenced and why need she fear anything further? Nina DaCosta was poor, as she had once been, and was, therefore, without influence. There was but one cloud upon all the brightness of her life now, and that cloud was Philip Danvers, her husband's father.

If she could only get *that* out of the way!

"Why should I not force Allaine to serve me?" she murmured. "She is in my power, and she will not dare disobey me. He has brought it upon himself. He must suffer for it!"

She took up a little book she had purchased that evening, and sitting down under the gaslight began to read. It was a treatise upon some of the less familiar poisons, and their various effects upon the human body. She had been so busily absorbed for some time that she had given no thought to any other subject, when Clare looked in.

"Tea is ready, madam. Will you go down, Mrs. Manning says? Your husband has not yet returned, and they will not ring the bell to-night."

She did not ask or think why. She got up, and carefully locking the book in an inner drawer of her cabinet, went down.

It struck her that the porter had neglected to raise the gas to a sufficient height in the parlor and long halls, and that everything was unusually still. The feeling produced by either was always unpleasant to her, and she hurried on towards the supper-room, just a little bit worried with Eugene that he had not come for her or been near her since she came in. She found the supper all ready, but Mrs. Manning alone present.

"Why is this?" she asked, a little disdainfully. "Where are the members of the family?"

"Mrs. Danvers is with Mr. Danvers, and your husband has not yet returned," replied the housekeeper, briefly.

Miriam was about to question farther, for a vague feeling of uneasiness had crept over her, when she heard Eugene's quick step outside, and then his voice in a momentary conversation with some one, and she decided to maintain her dignity by waiting for an explanation from him. Directly afterwards he came in, and the anxious look upon his face would have alarmed her, had it not given place to a smile when he beheld her.

"I am glad you did not wait, Miriam," he said. "I could not get back a moment sooner, or, of course, I should have done so."

She wanted to ask him why he had been out at all, so late in the evening, but she did not.

"Will not your mother and father be present?" she said, as he sat down at the foot of the table.

"My love," he cried, with a start, "has no one told you? Ah, I remember, you were out when my mother summoned me. My father is *very ill*."

"Your father ill!" Every note of her voice was entirely changed. Eugene fancied it sprung from affectionate sympathy for him, and would have gone around to embrace her in gratitude, but for the thought of maintaining his dignity before the housekeeper and servants.

Mrs. Manning, however, looking up at the moment, would have sworn, if necessary, that if ever she had seen a flash of triumph upon a human face, it was sparkling now in the eyes and upon the countenance of Mrs. Miriam Danvers.

"Let me think of this," was Mrs. Manning's comment, as she grew faint with fear. "Was Caspar right after all? Would she help him out of the way if opportunity offered?"

"Yes," explained Eugene, in a tone of almost womanly softness and anxiety, "Parks went in this evening and found my dear father lying upon his desk in a state of unconsciousness. My mother was, of course, fearfully alarmed; and when the family physician had come in, I went at his direction for another for consultation. I could not find Dr. Messenger until a moment ago."

"And what do they say?"

"Dr. Westman reports him exceedingly ill. They are with him now."

Miriam had not expressed a single regret. Had she forgotten it, or did she disdain to do so? She knew that Eugene would never suspect her, and of the housekeeper's presence she was now haughtily unconscious. The meal was passed in unusual silence, each of them partaking but slightly of the delicate viands. Mrs. Manning noticed, however, that Mrs. Danvers had her glass filled the second time with wine—a very unusual thing with her.

She arose with her husband and took his arm.

"Can we come in?" asked Eugene, at the door of his mother's chamber.

Some one gave a silent assent and they entered. The medical celebrities bowed low as the beautiful woman passed them to the side of the bed. The flush upon Mr. Danvers' face was almost purple, and he was breathing with extreme difficulty. Miriam stood looking down at him for a moment, with anxious scrutiny. When she glanced up, Dr. Hartman's eyes were fastened with no less curious interest upon her, and coloring slightly she drew back. He was at a table, not far from the door, mixing some preparation when she turned to go out, and Miriam paused with a look of interest.

"Do you consider Mr. Danvers dangerously ill?" she whispered.

The medical man looked up at her again over his shoulder, as he answered "Yes," and went on making his pills; but Miriam was not to be daunted by a stranger.

"There is a possibility, however, of a change for the better?" she said.

"Oh, yes. The old adage is always true in such cases—'as long as there is life, there is hope.'"

Miriam made a graceful inclination of the head, and passed out.

"I have seen that face somewhere," mused Dr. Westman, as he took out some more powders upon the point of his knife. "I have been trying for the last ten minutes to remember, and it is a miracle that I cannot, for one does not often see such perfection of outlines in human form twice in a lifetime. Is she so anxious for Eugene to get the great Danvers' wealth into his hands, I wonder? I don't suppose she can have anything else against her husband's father."

Miriam had gone up again to her room. Oh, what burning impatience fired her veins.

"Will he die?" she cried, softly to herself. "Will fortune kindly play into my hands this time, also, and save me, as it did with Miles Gordon? *Will* he die?"

She looked at herself in the glass, and was startled at the hectic flush that burned upon her cheek.

"How long will I have to wait? When will I know? That doctor looked at me as though he were probing my inmost thoughts. I must not see him again until I have grown calm. Where is Allaine?" she touched the bell, and Clare looked in.

"Where is Allaine?"

"Madam, she left the house early this evening, and has not yet returned."

"Not yet returned?" she repeated, scarcely crediting her senses. "It is you who are in error, Allaine could never have grown so presuming. She is in the servants' hall, of course; send her to me, at once."

"Madam, we have looked the house over, and had concluded that you must have sent her away. She is nowhere to be found."

"I can imagine nothing more impossible. Is Cecil asleep?"

"Madam, she took Master Cecil with her."

"*Took Cecil with her, and yet has not returned?*" The flush died out, with a single breath, from her cheeks, and a ghastly whiteness succeeded. She would have fallen to the floor had not Clare sustained her.

"Am I dreaming?" she faltered. "This hideous thought cannot be true. Let me see; I know I shall find him asleep in his bed, but I must kiss him to be very sure."

Still leaning upon the maid's arm, she passed to the door of the nursery, and opening it, went in. The beds were undisturbed, and the room empty. She appeared as though she were shrinking from some terrible idea, that was taking possession of every faculty.

"And they are not in the house?"

"Indeed, madam, they are not."

"Call Eugene to me. I think I am going to die."

So Miriam Danvers could feel and could suffer. Could Caspar Lenox or Nina have seen her now, they would have recognized that their triumph had begun.

Eugene sprang up the steps in the wildest alarm, and caught her in his arms.

"My darling, what is it?"

"Oh, Eugene," she faltered, "Cecil has been stolen. I shall never see him again!" Her utterance grew thick, and she could say no more.

Eugene turned, hopelessly, to Clare, who gave him a brief explanation. His indignation was at last aroused.

"I must say that I never liked your nurse, Miriam!" he cried; "and I have often marveled that you did not discharge her. She shall be shipped to-morrow. Pray do not be unnecessarily alarmed. She has got lost in a strange city, or she has been taken ill somewhere, and the child has been unable to explain. He will be recovered, of course, and without trouble."

She did not seem to think so. Perhaps a presentiment of the truth was crushing her to the earth. Nina Da Costa had not then been so quiet to no purpose, and Allaine had betrayed her; but no, the slave who had trembled at her slightest word! She *could not* believe that.

"Eugene," she sobbed again. "They have both been killed, I know, or Allaine would have been here?"

"Hush!" he said. "My love, your fears have made you wild. I confess that you should be anxious, but there is no cause for despair. Only bear up, and you shall see, if human agencies can accomplish it, that he shall be restored to you."

Eugene said all that he could to comfort her, but she scarcely seemed to hear him. She sat wringing her hands, and moaning, now and then, in quite a heart-broken way.

Dr. Westman was called up, and gave her a strong opiate.

"The shock was so sudden," he explained. "Let her sleep, and she will be able to endure it to-morrow." He sat by her until she had grown quite quiet, and then he questioned Eugene.

"Her child by a former marriage, did you not tell me?"

"Yes."

"What is the name?"

"Cecil Dupre."

"Ah! Forgive me, but was not his father a Frenchman?"

"Yes," replied Eugene, naturally. "My wife's first husband was a colonel in the French service in Egypt."

"Reynard or Louis Dupre?"

"Reynard."

The doctor turned to the sleeping woman once more, and felt her pulse. He looked at the face in repose—as perfect as a piece of Grock statuary.

"She will not stir again for some hours," he said; "and when she does, she will soon be calm enough to discuss all the plans for the child's recovery with you. She may suffer, but she is a woman of powerful nerve, of wonderful recuperative powers. Meantime, have you any idea where the child can be?"

"Not the remotest."

"Had the nurse any cause of ill will against the mistress?"

"None that I know of. In fact, my wife had quite spoiled her, as I have said."

"That would not prevent a traffic for money—a kidnapping scheme between sharpers," replied the doctor. "You will see the police, of course, and telegraph along the lines."

"Yes."

The doctor went on tiptoe towards the door.

"Your wife will require no further medical attention. I will now return to Mr. Danvers.

Dr. Westman was a man of the world, and he had schooled his emotional nature until his countenance was, under ordinary circumstances, a mask to secure his real sentiments from others, yet a thoughtful, preoccupied look was plainly written there when he returned to the sick room below.

"Could she have done it?" he soliloquized, as he crossed the long corridor. "And was the man in reality not mad, as the under surgeon contended? The matter should be investigated for the sake of science. As this woman looked down on Philip Danvers, to-night, there was that in her face which meant mischief, or there is no language in thought. I shall watch her and him, and I doubt, Mr. Eugene Danvers, if I could not prove, that with all her beauty and graces, there are bold men who would not be in her power, as you are, for a kingdom."

The doctor was certainly correct in one thing. Miriam Danvers astonished all who beheld her the next morning, by her outward composure. That she suffered, and that keenly, all could see—but her fortitude did not again give way. She had the satisfaction of knowing that Eugene loved Cecil as though he had been his own child, and that every possible effort would be made to restore to her as soon as possible. She readily acquiesced in the idea that this was a similar case to that of Rochester Leslie's little girl, and that the offer of a suitable reward would lead to his recovery at once.

As she stood in the light, persons noticed, for the first time, the shadow of a wrinkle across her fair brow, and that her lips were somewhat pale and compressed, as though with strong physical pain.

Mr. Philip Danvers continued, all the morning, in about the same condition. Eugene was necessarily out a great deal, and the quiet of the house must necessarily have been oppressive to one in keen and momentary suspense, but her dignity as a woman did not once desert her.

In the evening there had been no intelligence. Eugene could only make the comforting assurance that all had been done which she had suggested. Rewards were offered. Detectives were out, and dispatches had been flashed along every line of the railway. They must now patiently wait for further developments.

Child-stealing, a thing of frequent occurrence in Europe, was most unusual here, and the wildest excitement soon prevailed. No one doubted but the little boy would be speedily restored.

About dark the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Eugene Danvers. Miriam seized it with a trembling hand. The envelope was soiled, and the handwriting bad, like that of an illiterate person. With some difficulty she read:

"Your enemies, those who know you and whom you dare not defy, have compelled me to give up your child to them to further their revenge. I do not know what they have done or will do with him, they would not tell me that. All I know is that their scheme was deeply laid, that if he lives he will suffer; that it will be a long time, if ever, before you see him again, and that then he will be trained, if possible, to bring disgrace upon you. Knowing this I dare not face you. I will say that I was forced into it. They would not spare me; but they would have done it sooner than you. There are none, then, in this world to whom I may look for mercy, besides I am weary of the eternal torture of suspense. Oh, your anger will be terrible, I know, but it cannot reach me where I am going.

"ALLAINE."

This was the first tidings that came to her, and she must endure it alone. With the letter crushed in her hand, she went off to think. She knew now that this cunningly devised scheme of torturing her had been devised by those whom she had most injured—by Nina and Caspar Lenox, and the agony of it was that she dared not take Eugene into her confidence by telling him where her suspicions lay. Dearly as she loved the boy, it were better never to see him again, than to have that old story resurrected and divulged, for then she, too, would alike be doomed with him. Far better, she reasoned, trust to the vigilance of the law to aid her to bring him back, than herself to become their accuser; and so, as in the past, her burden was to be borne alone.

On the third day the body of a woman, who had been drowned, was recovered and advertised. The clothing was marked "Allaine Rockford." Eugene was at first afraid that the boy had shared the same fate, only Miriam, in the bitterness of her greater grief, knew that the woman had committed suicide to escape the terror and remorse from which she suffered.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HARVEST OF GOOD SEED.

It had been about a year since Walter had fled from his evil companions and begun his wandering life about the streets, and rather more than half of that time he had passed in undisturbed seclusion beneath Mrs. Bagwell's roof. Within that period he had improved much, though his intellectual and moral nature had been enveloped in darkness until it would require much time and perseverance to chase the mists and shadows quite away. An indescribable sense of comfort had come over him here, however, and but for the thought of being discovered by Ned or Moll, his enjoyment would have been as supreme as it could have been in a palace. These simple pleasures were nevertheless to be suddenly snatched from him again, as we shall see.

Sitting on the door steps one evening, with his book in his hand, clean and cheerful, and pleasant to look upon, the light suddenly died out from his face and eyes, and he sat white and shivering with terror. On the pavement, just beyond the little gate, he beheld Jerry standing by the fence and looking intently over. An impulse seized him to rise hastily and lock himself in, but his knees were so weak that he was utterly unable to stir. Looking still, in a sort of fascination, he yet believed that Jerry had but to beckon to him to make him rise up and follow him in dumb, unquestioning obedience. To his surprise, however, his old companion started suddenly off, and fled in great haste down the street and out of sight. When Walter could recover himself sufficiently he went to the gate and looked out. Jerry was nowhere to be seen. Then the thought flashed upon him suddenly that he had run off in such haste to bring Ned or Moll in triumph to the spot. The thought became a conviction—the conviction was worse than cold, hunger, or even death.

His mind was made up in a moment. He would fly again without delay, and seek some distant part of the city, where he could stalk about as before, unobserved, until the fear of pursuit should subside. He turned swiftly into the house. Mrs. Bagwell was out, so he need have no delay. He had put on his hat, when the thought occurred to him that the clothes he had on might not belong to him, and that it would be wrong to take them away. He searched about and found his old jacket; the miserable pretence of trowsers that he had worn here had been thrown during his illness upon the ash-heap, and finally taken out with other rubbish. He might be forced then to keep the other garments, but he took off the new jacket and put on the old one. Then he went softly out at the door, and closed it securely after him. He opened the gate, crossed the street, and sped down the crossway as fast as his feet would carry him. The first time he glanced back, and saw that the house he had left was quite out of sight, he uttered a choking sob, but he did not slacken his pace. The setting sunlight streamed over his small figure as he ran on. His complexion had been bleached and softened by the humanizing influence of his later life. The roundabout reached below his knees, and persons passing stared curiously at him, for the face was now in striking contrast to the apparel. Of old they had harmonized, and had excited no comment.

The night found him a disagreeable blot upon the smooth surface of polished humanity in the fashionable regions of Fifth avenue. He crawled into an alley, and slept close to a wall, but the nights were not bitterly cold just now.

Mrs. Bagwell in the meantime had returned. She marvelled that Walter should have gone out when she had left him to take care of the house, and when the darkness began to close in she watched with impatience for his return. When she found that he was not coming, the idea occurred to her that he must have fled for good, and all in her absence. She was not a suspicious woman, but she was growing old enough to learn that the best of human nature, seemingly, cannot always be trusted implicitly.

She looked first in the wooden chest where she had left her chief articles of value—a dozen silver spoons. They were all safe.

Then she searched about, and to her great surprise found his jacket.

"Could the child have wandered off in his shirt-sleeves?" she thought, with increasing anxiety.

The next morning she remembered his old roundabout, and got up to look for it. It was nowhere to be found. A portion of the truth dawned upon her, and she sat down and wept disconsolately. She could divine no motive, for otherwise her confidence in this boy was not destroyed.

After all, poor Walter might have remained. Jerry had not even seen him. If he had, it is doubtful whether he would have recognized his old companion in the peaceful, well-dressed child upon the steps. He had been eyeing some handsome clothes hung out to dry, and had half meditated a dive at some of the nearest pieces, when he saw a man upon the steps of a neighboring portico talking to a child outside, and a policeman down the street. These were sufficient to make him wish to escape any especial observation and to hurry away, as we have seen. It was Fate that was leading Walter on.

Mrs. Bagwell had once told him that destitute people would often ring the bells of fashionable houses and ask for something to eat when they were hungry. He tried this experiment sometimes, and as his demand was invariably bread he did not always come away empty-handed.

He had been wandering about in this way several weeks, when he found himself one day before the iron railing of a yard enclosure, within which a number of beautifully-dressed children were engaged in play. One of these children, a girl, had bright golden curls streaming from beneath her pretty gipsy hat, and fortunately for the hero of our story she wore a blue dress, or he might have passed on. Looking at the dress he caught sight of her face, and paused, with mouth wide open. He caught hold of the iron railing, and peered through the bars like a wild animal in a cage, for this boy, in comparison with the children he looked at, was now a savage.

The little favorites of fortune were attempting a game of croquet, and their blunders caused many peals of merry laughter. The ball of a large boy was sent quite across the yard towards the fence, and he ran to recover it.

"What are doing there, you dirty varmint? Go along!" he cried, as he caught a glimpse of Walter looking through.

"I ain't a touchin' nothing," said Walter, beseechingly.

"You are 'touchin'" that railing with your dirty hands, you beggar's brat," he cried, angrily. "You'll be for breaking some of the shrubbery or stealing something next. Now take yourself off."

"I doesn't steal now. God looks at me, too. I say now, tell *her* I wants to see her. I knows *her*," pointing eagerly through at the girl with the golden curls. "I'se got something o' hern."

"*You* know Miss Evelyn Leslie!" said the boy, who professed to be the most respectful adorer of the young lady; "you have something of hers! You stole it then, and I'll have you taken up."

"Oh, miss! if you please, miss!" cried the street vagrant, desperately; "I

hain't stole nothing; indeed I hain't!" and, as the children began to draw near in amazement, he pointed to the girl in blue, who was indeed none other than Evelyn Leslie. "I wants to speak to her."

"What is it?" asked that young lady, with a smile, for even fashionable misses of eight, or thereabouts, may have "ways, and manners, too."

"I've done heard about God, and I hain't never stold nothick since you told me not to."

"I?" she exclaimed, opening her pretty blue eyes in wonder, and the children broke into a derisive laugh.

"I say now, make them stop a laffin'," said poor Walter, rummaging nervously in his cavernous pockets. "You know what you tole me about God and school, and all that, when I fetched you away."

"But I don't remember you," said Evelyn, softly.

"Coz I washes my face every day when the dirt get on, only 'twill stick when I hain't got no soap," returned Walter, looking ruefully at his dingy hands, while the children roared again. "I'se got your diamints."

"Let me drive the idiot away," said the big boy who had first espied the culprit, turning his smooth face towards Evelyn; "he is drunk or crazy."

"No, no," replied Evelyn, repressing a smile, as the boy drew out an old tattered purse, and took from it a small wad that seemed but a crumpled paper. "Let me hear what he says, Willard."

"It is them that Mother Crowley took from you when Moll fetched you there, and I bringed you back through the alley," and he thrust the bit of paper through to her.

At that instant a young woman, calling "Miss Eva! Miss Eva!" came through a gate leading round to the rear of the house, and approached the children. The woman was evidently a servant; she had on a black dress and white linen collar, but she wore in her abundant reddish hair a number of ornamental pins of various colors, and had a mixture of blue and scarlet ribbons at her throat. As she came around some statuettes that encircled a fountain, the children all looked up; and Walter, following their example, to his infinite horror and dismay recognized Moll.

"Miss Eva, I am going to take Danvers out in his carriage, and your mamma wants you to go with her."

The children, regretting this interruption to their sports, had turned to listen. When they looked back the ragged urchin outside was scudding pell-mell down the street, and had turned the corner in a twinkling.

"O, Martha, only think!" cried Evelyn, running up to the woman. "Here are my little diamond earrings, which that frightful old woman stole from me that night when I was carried off."

"Where—where did you find 'em?" The bogus servant's face had grown suddenly white, leaving a visible daub of rouge upon her cheeks.

"A miserable, ragged boy—the same, I think, who brought me away from that place—called me to the fence just now and gave them to me."

"Where is he?" There was a look of terror in her face.

"Why he darted off when you came out, as though he had stolen them and you were here to punish him. Come, let me show them to mamma."

As they entered the house, Evelyn ran first across the hall into the library where her father sat reading.

"Oh, papa! papa! I have my eardrops back again. The little boy I saw in the old woman's house passed the gate just now, and gave them to me. And, oh, papa, he is such a poor, miserable-looking boy."

"Where is he?" asked the gentleman, rising hastily. "Honesty like that should be rewarded. Let me see him, and I will try what can be done to rescue him from the foul contagion of vice."

"When Martha called me, he ran away, papa, as though he feared to be punished, and we could not see him any more."

"I am truly sorry," replied the gentleman. "If you should see him again, my dear, tell him that I should like to reward him for his honesty. Such an act is too uncommon not to merit inquiry."

Evelyn went out again to apprize her mother of the astonishing event, and the so-called Martha wended her way to the nursery.

"Where could that vile boy have come from?" she murmured. "And Ned has been searching for him high and low; and offering such rewards. He must take up Master Walter in a hurry, or we'll be took up before we are done. And to think he had the cunning to steal them earrings, as one never would ha' thought he knowed anything about; and then to bring 'em back *here*, the little fool, when there is enough of them gleamin' about this house to put out common folk's eyes; and they might ha' made him rich!"

But God be praised, Moll; there are natures, even in this world of ours, that value the smallest principle of truth, though it be not larger than a grain of mustard seed, above all the jewels of Golconda!

CHAPTER XXIV.

WALTER IN SAFE KEEPING.

Moll had been at Rochester Leslie's house perhaps two months, when Walter, always in the way when least expected, restored the stolen diamonds to Evelyn, as we have seen, for as yet she had been able to accomplish nothing.

"I have been in the room often," she explained hurriedly to Ned, when she had taken a long walk the next evening for the purpose of meeting him, "but 'tain't to be thought uv by me. The cabbernet is made o' brass and marble and such like; and no key ain't never made to fit it but the right one, and that is kept locked up somewheres else."

"If I could get in, and no man was in the same room, there is no lock of that sort that would puzzle me more than a moment," replied Ned, with a frown; "but there is the difficulty."

"Can't you give them a sort o' tap, like you struck George Blount, while they be asleep," she said, looking down.

"Are you a devil, to put the thought of *murder* in my head?" he cried seizing her by the arm until she winced with the pain. "Strong as I have been tempted, I have never taken a life."

"Blount didn't die," she said. "You could leave life in 'em."

"A dangerous experiment," he replied, with a laugh; "but something must be done, and that quickly."

"Ned," she said, at length, in some confusion, for she was evidently afraid of the effect of such a communication upon him. "I have something else to tell you. I've seen that boy Walter. He has brought the child's earrings back to her—ragged little outcast that he is, and given 'em back into her own hands."

He lifted his arm as though to fell her to the earth, but as he drew back he seemed to remember that he was in the public street, and he let it fall slowly to his side.

"Why didn't you seize on him, swear in the teeth of a thousand police he was your brother or son, or anything, who had run away from home, and then drag him to me."

"I've been afore some of them already, and they don't like my looks," replied Moll, slowly, taking advantage of the restraints that were upon him. "Besides he would have told 'em I was the one as first took the child home to be robbed. And then he didn't let me have but one bird's eye glimpse o' him, when he darted off in such a manner as the wind couldn't ha' overtook him. I had told them Leslies, too, you remember, in the start that I hadn't no kind o' kin on top o' dirt."

"Well, it is a satisfaction to know the boy is still alive. He can't skulk about unseen forever, and will be the easier hunted down now," said Ned, struggling to be composed. "In the meantime our work must be done all the quicker, or he may gain courage to tell them who you are."

"Not he," replied Moll, with a laugh. "The bare sight o' me frightened him out o' seven years growth, and you may bet he don't show himself there again."

Moll was again correct. The boy was seen no more, for the present. What had become of him?

Looking back only when he had put quite a safe distance between himself and the house, at which he had so unaccountably to himself, recognized both Evelyn and Moll, he discovered that he was not pursued, and turned more leisurely into another thoroughfare, where, as usual, he crept into an alley, and passed the night. When his fears had subsided, his dormant faculties were still puzzled to make out how Moll could possibly be "along o' her." By slow degrees, however, some inkling of the truth came to him—that she was there by deception, and that some unknown evil again threatened the "beautiful little angel," through her machinations.

When this idea took possession of him, an undefined impression accompanied it, that it might be possible for him, a "poor nothick" as he was, to prevent it. And at the close of each day he began to wander back towards the great house that held her, who had first told him about "God" and "schools," and which likewise must contain his old enemy. Through fear of "them two," whom he never separated where thoughts of evil deeds were concerned, he did not dare to present himself by day. But when the darkness rendered all objects alike obscure, he returned to the beautiful yard, that was to possess a nameless charm for him henceforth; and to gaze mournfully up at the lights in the many windows, that "a'most seemed to warm him up like" when the air was chilly. Sometimes, when it was very dark, he lay down very close to the railings, and slept until the few stars began to wane in the solemn coming of the dawn, and then he would spring up, and start on his day's tramp until the evening closed again. At last, in wandering around he found an alley at the rear of this house, also, and felt as if he had gained a new home. Coming into it one night, when he had been watching until he had grown very weary, he found that the groom had left some hay outside, that had been hauled for the use of the stables, and scraping it, delightfully, together under the projecting roof, he burrowed a hole through it, and fell asleep. He could form no idea how long he had been unconscious, when he was aroused by the sound of voices in very close proximity, and the first notes that fell upon his ear caused him to cower down in almost mortal terror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN POLITE SOCIETY.

West of the Rocky Mountains, the Carriers, still a branch of the Chipewyan stock, intermingle with the numerous Atnah races of the coast. On the North Saskatchewan, a small, wild tribe called the Surcees also springs from this great family, and, nearly three thousand miles far down the tropic plains of Old Mexico, the harsh, stuttering "tch" accent still grates upon the ear. Spread over such a vast extent of country, it may be supposed they vary much in physiognomy. Bravery in men and beauty in women are said to go hand in hand. Of the courage of the Chipewyan men we shall say nothing; of the beauty of the women we shall say something. To assert that they are very plain would not be true; they are undeniably ugly. Some of the young ones are very fat; all of the old ones are very thin. Many of the faces are pear-shaped; narrow foreheads, wide cheeks, small, deep-set, fat eyes. The type is said to be Mongolian; and if so, the Mongolians should change their type as soon as possible. Several of the men wear sickly-looking moustaches and short, pointed chin tufts; the hair, coarse and matted, is worn long. This description does not hold good of the Beaver Indians of Peace River; many of them, men and women, are passably good-looking. All these tribes are excellent hunters. The moose in the South and wooded country, the reindeer in the barren lands, ducks and geese in vast numbers during the summer, and, generally speaking, inexhaustible fish in the lakes, yield them their means of living. At times, one prodigious feast; again, a period of starvation. For a time living on moose nose or buffalo tongue or daintiest tit-bit of lake and forest, and then glad to get a scrap of dry meat or a putrid fish to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. While the meat lasts, life is a long dinner. The child just able to crawl is seen with one hand holding the end of a piece of meat, the other end of which is held between the teeth, while the right hand wields a knife a foot in length, with which it saws steadily, between lips and fingers, until the mouthful is detached. How the nose escapes amputation is a mystery we have never heard explained.

IT is a scandal that the sacred name of love should be given to that form of it which is seldomest found pure, and which very often has not the least particle of real love in it.

GREAT MEN, like great cities, have many crooked arts and dark alleys in their hearts, whereby he that knows them may save himself much time and trouble.

TEN TO ONE.

BY E. S. MONTGOMERY.

There was a tender beauty in her face,
A smile like magic,
A mystic light within her soft dark eyes,
Half gay—half tragic;
As if the better angel of her life
At times were grieving,
To find that one so fair and young could be
Ever deceiving.

For, shame to tell! she trifled with *two* hearts,
With both coquetting,
And *so I* tore her image from my breast,
My love forgetting.
Yet blame not *all* because deceit lay shrined
In heart so youthful:
For *one false* woman, trust me, you will find
Ten thousand truthful!

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 2.—ROLAND AND HILDEGUND.

The young and valiant Roland was the glory of the lists, and the admiration of the fair dames and beauteous maidens who gazed upon the contests of chivalry. Wearied with the long continuance of peace, he quitted, on the approach of spring, the neighborhood of Ingelsheim, to witness, at that early season, the opening beauties of the far-famed Rhine.

At the close of a stormy evening, he arrived at a castle, in which he sought shelter.

He was received by its owner with that unostentatious and frank hospitality which the bravery of knighthood always commanded in those chivalrous days.

Upon learning his name, the baron shook him fraternally by the hand, and welcomed him with cordial delight, as if he were an old and valued acquaintance.

"You need no other passport," said his host. "The name of Roland, the Brave, is honored throughout the land, and I am proud to have so distinguished a warrior as my guest."

Young Roland bowed, and entered the Castle of the Drachenfels.

The baron introduced him to his daughter, Hildegund.

Refreshment was placed on the table, consisting of the choicest delicacies of the season, and the rarest of Rhenish wines.

The baron's daughter filled a glass goblet, on which were displayed, in colors, the armorial bearings of the family. This she presented to her father's guest, with a grace and modesty of demeanor which at once attracted his attention while it commanded his admiration.

For, as he received the glass with courteous acknowledgment, he could not fail to perceive that she was possessed of a beauty of no common order; at the same instant, a sudden tremor seized his hand and his features wore a heightened color.

"Strange," he reflected, "that this hand, which the lance and sword have never unnerved, and this face, which hordes of Saracens could never disconcert, should now tremble and blush before a single maiden!"

The baron raised his goblet, and cried, "I drink to the health and happiness of my guest, the valiant Sir Roland."

The young knight pledged his host in return, and soon regained his self-possession. He entered freely into conversation and spoke with energy of the late wars.

"Thanks be to thee and thy brave companions," observed the baron, "the red tide of battle is rolled back from our shores. I am growing old, and my arm has lost something of its wonted vigor; else I might have been tempted to join those gallant warriors, who do honor to our country; among the most distinguished of which, is Sir Roland, the Brave."

"You must be a little more niggardly in your praise, or perchance I may be rendered vain," answered the young man, with a smile.

The baron was well pleased with his companion; and the night was far advanced when the inmates of the castle retired to rest. Roland could not sleep—the image of the fair Hildegund constantly haunted his imagination.

When the dawn of day allowed him to quit his couch, he arose hastily, and sought relief in the fresh air of the vernal morn.

His senses became wrapped in the contemplation of the glowing and sparkling beauties of that lovely region; and upon returning to the castle, it was with a faint heart that he announced his intention of departing. His host would not listen to such a suggestion, and insisted upon his remaining for a few days.

And Hildegund, although she did not with words urge her father's request, expressed her wishes by an eloquent look, which was soft and beseeching.

Roland willingly remained. His love, which had commenced in timidity, soon began to increase in boldness; and he only wanted a favorable opportunity to declare his passion.

One evening, lost in reverie, he was walking through the castle garden, when he beheld the object of his fondest thoughts seated beneath the shade of a broad-spreading tree. A soft and sweet expression played about her mouth, which indicated that some joyous vision was tracing its imagery in her mind.

Roland approached, but was at a loss in what way to lead the conversation to a point on which now rested all his future hopes of happiness.

Many men, since then, have been equally at a loss.

Hildegund plucked from a neighboring rose tree an early bud.

"Ah!" sighed her admirer, "how beautiful that is!"

"What?" she inquired.

"That rose. Might I beg it of one who is fairer? No emblem of fond remembrance has yet decked my casque; and when my companions in arms are vaunting the beauties and virtues of their mistresses, I cast down my eyes, and feel sadly a void within my heart."

"Nay," answered his companion; "that is hardly possible. The valiant Sir Roland cannot need a love-token?"

"But I do," he answered, gently taking the flower from her hand. "May I wear this for your sake?"

"Its beauty will quickly pass away," she answered.

Her companion at once confessed the depth and ardency of his attachment.

Hildegund made no reply, but her look of tenderness left no doubt on the mind of her lover that their affections were reciprocal.

Their faith became soon mutually plighted, and Roland dwelt with delight on the happy moment when he should be able to call the beauteous Hildegund his wife.

Lost in a dream of first love, the knight forgot for awhile the world and its struggles, and in the expectation of an early day for his wedding, he had no care for the morrow, but led a life of perfect joy; now gazing with Hildegund upon the windings of the Rhine, and now roaming with her through scenes which might well inspire a less enthusiastic nature than his own.

But he lived in times when love was but the bright transient episode of a life of war.

He received orders to join immediately the troops who were destined to wage war against the Saracens. A sense of duty rendered it impossible for him to disobey the summons; and with something like a fore-shadowing of evil, he prepared himself to part with one whom he had learned to love but too well. He dwelt with delight on the happy moment when he should return from the approaching campaign.

"I will not bid you stay," said Hildegund, "*albeit* we have to pass through a trial which is hard to bear. We are in the hands of fate, and neither of us knows what sorrows or troubles are in store for us."

"Fear not," said Roland, endeavoring to assume a cheerfulness he was far from feeling. "When I return, it will be to part from you no more."

"When you return?" she answered, sorrowfully.

"Ay, surely; and it will not be long first," he answered, looking sadly at the translucent waters of the beauteous Rhine.

While the lovers were conversing, they knew not that the greater part of their discourse was overheard by the knight who had brought the unwelcome message from the commander of the forces, which served as a mandate for Roland's immediate departure from the Drachenfels.

It was with heartfelt emotion, and with a sad foreboding for the future, that Hildegund bade her lover a last farewell.

After which she lived entirely secluded, and only existed in anticipation of soon hearing from him who occupied all her affections.

Weeks and months passed over, during which news arrived of sanguinary conflicts and perilous achievements, in which her beloved Roland had displayed fresh traits of chivalrous valor. His name was extolled by every tongue; his exploits the general topic of conversation.

Many an evening, when seated in her lonely bower, the pale moon reflecting her lovely beams on the tranquil bosom of the Rhine, earnestly breathing her orisons for the safe return of her faithful knight, she heard the Rhenish boatmen, as they glided in their barks along the silvery stream, chant his heroic deeds.

Thus did a long and tedious year pass away, when it was announced that peace had been concluded, which would bring home her hero, vested with honors and renown.

One evening, a knight, who, as his appearance evinced, had traveled with the utmost speed, presented himself at the castle. He had just returned from the plains of Palestine. Hildegund became suddenly agitated upon discovering that he was the same person who had departed with her betrothed to the wars. Her first thought was of Roland; and in answer to her inquiry, the knight said, "Alas! my lady, fate has been unkind to both of us. You have lost a devoted lover, whilst I have to mourn the loss of a faithful and attached friend."

"What mean you?" exclaimed Hildegund, in a tremulous voice.

"The valiant Sir Roland fell by my side at the zenith of his glory, covered with wounds."

Paralyzed by the sole and absorbing thought of the extent of her bereavement, Hildegund was momentarily deprived of speech. Tears refused to flow—the only relief in excess of grief or affliction.

She sat motionless, more like a cold, inanimate statue, than a being in whom still existed the pulsations of life.

She remained for some time a prey to the most poignant sorrow and miserable despair.

Meanwhile, he who had brought the mournful intelligence affected to be overcome with grief for the loss of his friend and compatriot. When this had passed away, he began to reason with both the baron and his daughter, and concluded by an open declaration of love for the latter.

Hildegund turned from him with ill-concealed aversion, feeling that she had too mournfully experienced the vanity of all human hopes and affections. She obtained her father's consent to retire to the Convent of Frauenworth, on the lovely island now called Nunnenwerth, there to take the veil.

The bishop of the diocese, who was related to the family, allowed the period of her novitiate to be shortened; and three months had scarcely elapsed before she pronounced the vows which excluded her forever from the world. Fatal precipitation! Roland returned, and hastened to the castle, with all the ardency of an anxious lover, to receive the dreadful intelligence which caused him to bear a life-long sorrow to the grave.

The belief of Roland's death had not been without foundation. Severely wounded, he had fallen on the field of battle. Life, however, was found not to be extinct; and with assiduous care and attention, he slowly recovered.

The knight who had brought the intelligence of his death to the castle of the Drachenfels had been for a long time enamoured of Hildegund; and believing that any stratagem was as fair in love as in war, hoped, by the specious tale he told, to gain the hand of the baron's daughter.

When Roland was told of the miserable results which the rumor of his demise had effected, he forsook the castle of his ancestors—cast off in despondency those arms which, from his earliest boyhood, had been accompanied with the associations of romance and chivalry—which he had cherished as the very pride of knighthood, and with which he had attained the very highest pinnacle of martial fame.

He had built a small hermitage on the mountain, since named Rolandseck, opposite to the Convent of Frauenworth, at the threshold of which he daily seated himself, with his eyes intently fixed on the cloister in which was immured the devoted Hildegund.

At early morn, when the sonorous bell summoned the sisterhood to matins, he invariably arose; and as the voices of the nuns, in sweet harmony, sang forth their praises, a thrill of rapture would pass through him. When his ear caught a note winging its melodious passage, more pure and more musical than the others, he felt assured that it could only emanate from her he held so dear. In happier days, her pure and mellow-toned voice had frequently charmed his delighted ear. When the star of evening had given to weary mortals the signal for repose, he used to watch the pale glimmering of a light which always appeared to shed its faint ray from the same cell; and fancy pictured to his imagination his virgin bride, during the still and silent hours, breathing a prayer for her departed lover.

Twice had the same summer's sun brought to maturity the rich produce of the neighboring vineyards, and melancholy and inaction were beginning to waste the recluse's strength of mind and body; when, on a lowering morning, while the deep autumnal tints of the surrounding forests were exhibiting the approach of another winter, Roland directed his view as usual to the island of Frauenworth.

He observed in the sacred ground allotted to the sisterhood of the nunery, the earth newly opened in the shape of a grave.

An icy tremor crept over him, as a foreboding of evil passed rapidly through his brain.

As he gazed, a voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "Behold the final resting-place of the ill-fated and unhappy Hildegund!"

He seemed to be urged on by an inevitable hand. Starting wildly from his seat, he descended the mountain for the first time since his seclusion.

He then well remembered the words of his affianced, "We are in the hands of fate!"

He soon ascertained that his presentiment had been too truly indicated and foreshadowed the miserable reality.

He reached the holy cloister which he had before dreaded to profane by the presence of a being so borne down beneath a weight of aching and consuming cares—so agitated by earthly passions.

The gentle spirit of the beauteous Hildegund had passed away from the living things of the earth.

As the coffin was borne along, which contained the last mortal remains of her whom he had loved so well, he assisted the mourners in carrying it to the cold and solitary grave; he joined in the fervent prayers of the nuns for the eternal happiness of their sister, and lingered until the earth had concealed from his longing view the remains of his adored.

Nearly overpowered with grief and despair at this consummation of his miseries, he returned with faltering steps, which scarcely sufficed him to regain his cell.

The one great tie which bound him to earth, and which kept him a pale and solitary watcher from his mountain height, was suddenly snapped asunder.

A broken-hearted man, with little or nothing to care for, he remained apart from his fellows, to brood over the one great sorrow of his life.

For a time he struggled on,

"Through secret woes the world has never known,
When on weary night dawned wearier day,
And bitter was the grief devour'd alone."

Grief and solitude are two ills which in themselves are enough to crush the strongest; and it is not to be wondered at that they should wear away and eat like a canker-worm into the heart of the once chivalrous knight. For a brief period, Roland bore up; but eventually he succumbed to the misery of his situation.

And the legend has this mournful ending.

The gallant knight and faithful lover was found, soon after the death of Hildegund, on his wonted seat, with glassy eyes almost bursting from their sockets, fixed gazing on the convent; and his spirit, too heavily burdened with the vast accumulation of sorrows, impatient longer of restraint, had left its earthly tenement.

Such is the tradition of Roland and Hildegund, which we have endeavored to render as nearly as possible to the original story, as it is set forth by various German writers. It is a simple love tale, with a tragical ending, which has endured for many centuries—for it dates back to the early period of 770; and it is generally believed and understood that the name Rolandseck had its origin in the foregoing mournful narrative, which records the loves of Roland and Hildegund.

PRECIOUS STONES.

An interesting paper on the subject of precious stones appears in a recent number of the St. Petersburg *Gazette*. M. Gilson, the author, has just completed a journey round the world, undertaken for the express purpose of making inquiries into this branch of trade. From his researches it appears that, owing principally to the plentiful supply from the South African fields, diamonds are at a lower price than they have been for ten years past. Pearls and emeralds, on the other hand, are at a premium. At New York an opal about the size of a moderate-sized olive would fetch, at the present time, about twelve hundred roubles, a sapphire of the same size would be worth eighteen hundred roubles, an emerald ten thousand, a diamond eighteen thousand, and a ruby fifty thousand. In Europe these prices would vary somewhat—opals and sapphires fetching more, and emeralds less. Pearls are now brought from Central America, California, and the Persian Gulf, but they none of them rival those of the East Indies. The diamonds annually imported from South Africa into America are worth about seven million roubles, and the importation into Europe averages about the same. Many of them are of good size, and nearly all, without exception, of a yellowish tinge, the consequence being that diamonds of similar color have actually gone down seventy-five per cent. in the market. Diamonds, indeed, would have fallen lower in value had it not been that the realization of enormous fortunes in America through petroleum and military contracts created an excessive demand. A similar depreciation in the price of diamonds was occasioned at the time of the discovery of the Brazilian diamond mine, Golconda having previously supplied the market. But the stones soon regained their original value, and it may be confidently expected that the effect of the African diggings will be also merely temporary.

LOVE—a passion which has caused the change of empires—a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice—a passion which he who never felt never was happy; and he who laughs at never deserves to feel.

DON'T attempt another's work, nor adopt another's facte. It is a main lesson of wisdom to know your own wisdom from other people's.

THERE are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult and endures no stain.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of EDITOR SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

CHARADES.

1.

For half an evening he had bent
O'er the sweet bands of golden hair,
A flower-screened lamp its lustre blent
With eyes and gems that sparkled there,
And choice exotic perfumes lent
A witchery to the air.
Through maiden groups, with look askance,
Flont wondering words, scarce envy free,
Shrewd chaperones cast a furtive glance,
And whisper of a fate they see;
'Ere August stills *fete* and dance,
My first there's sure to be.

But August empties square and street,
Less frequent whirl the wheels along,
No longer gleam the sandaled feet,
Nor murmurs now the silken throng!
On jaded beauty's ear falls sweet
The country's matin song;
The breeze, alas! o'er saddened brow
Lifts the light tress of sunny hue;
False was the lip that breathed the vow,
And thrilled the soul with feelings new.
My second is his love grown now
Whose utterance seemed so true.

And so the long days wane. Ah, me!
How soon young hearts grow worldly cold!
How deftly learns the gallant's knee
To bend but at the shrine of gold,
Where faith and trust may bartered be,
Aye, bargained, bought and sold!
Poor Alice had but soul and grace,
But Laura dowers a lover more.
A wife with fortune and a place!
What wonder if his dream be over?
If slighted be the tender face
He deemed my whole before.

RALPH A. BENSON.

2.

My first, glad and joyous,
A home doth adorn;
My next by some persons
Is on the head worn.
The two, when united,
At once bring to view
A time often thought of
By me and by you.

J. S. PARTINGTON.

PUZZLES.

1.

The way to make five letters vanish?
I'll tell you how it's done:
Take a middle one in Spanish,
And to it add a one;
It looks as though you'd ten to banish—
Done rightly, you have none.

J. B. INGLESDEN.

2.

What word printed in capitals reads the same backwards, forwards, and upside down?

METAGRAM.

On four feet, whether I run, or jump, or walk, or creep,
I am only a fool;
—Change my first; if I saw, or cut, or brush, or sweep,
I am still but a tool:
—Change again; if you wish to make your sweetheart weep,
And are such a silly elf,
As to drown yourself;
Very well; I'm a pool.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 37 letters.

My 22, 10, 11, 13, 33, 36 is part of a buggy harness.

My 20, 3, 12, 15, 21, 5, 23 is a river in Asia.

My 32, 11, 20, 14, 17, 11, 27, 18 is the name of a game.

My 1, 11, 28, 22, 37, 4, 24, 13, 26, 30, 22 was a celebrated writer.

My 32, 9, 17, 36, 22, 11, 29 is part of a ship's rigging.

My 13, 11, 26, 6, 25, 9, 4, 35, 11 is one of the United States.

My 34, 11, 10, 2, 19, 12, 7, 22, 31 was one of the greatest generals.

My whole is a familiar adage.

PALMETTO.

WORD SQUARE.

My first you'll find before a door,
'Neath which I've often stood
Before my second, where I've sought
For intellectual food.
My third it is a riddle,
As you may plainly see;
And if you find my fourth too har
Pray sop it in your tea.
These lines are written in my gift
And now, ye ladies fair,
Pray take the trouble to arrange
These five words in a square.

CONUNDRUMS.

When a gentleman visits a young lady, why does she not like him to cor with a knock at the door?

Why are conundrums like monkeys?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 18.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 1, Vol. 54.

ENIGMA.—1. The course of true love never does run smooth. 2. Is-Star.

CHARADES.—1. Welcome. 2. Livingstone. 3. Honey-comb.

BURIED PROVERB.—Nobody may quarrel in my house except the cat and dog.

WORD SQUARE.—
WINE
IRIS
NINA
ESAU

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—
1. R os S, a British general.
2. Oshkosh, a town in Wisconsin.
3. S enec A, a lake in New York.
4. Edwar D, a gentleman's name.

Initials—Rose. Fin—Shad.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—
E
E N
L I G T
E N G L N D
G R A E
I N
?

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they are long and shallow. 2. Because he has lost his smack. 3. Because he makes people steel pens and says they do write. 4. Because they can always be molly-fied. 5. One sets articles to rights, and the other sets articles to set. 6. A lip-tickle.

FACETIÆ

MAN-HOOD—A hat.

WOMAN-HOOD—A bonnet.

NATURAL SLIPPERS.—Eels.

THERE is no adhesive label like a nickname.

How to find a girl out—Call when she isn't in.

WHO is the oldest lunatic on record? Time out of mind.

UNPOPULAR MUSIC.—Thomas' concerts on the back yard fence.

WAITING for dead men's shoes is, in most measures, a bootless affair.

A POLITE way of putting it: Troubled with a chronic indisposition to exertion.

LADIES generally shop in couples. When a lady has any money to spend, she dearly loves taking a friend with her to see her spend it.

"MARY JANE, have you given the goldfish fresh water?" "No, ma'am. But what's the use; they haven't drunk up what's in there yet."

AN experienced traveler, on being congratulated recently on the prospect of going abroad, replied, "Don't; I have seen that elephant—it's mostly all trunk."

"I WANT to know," said a creditor, fiercely, "when you are going to pay me what you owe me?"

"I give it up," replied the debtor, "ask me something easy."

IT is said that at three years old we love our mothers; at six our fathers; at ten our holidays; at sixteen dress; at twenty our sweethearts; at twenty-five our wives; at forty our children, and at sixty ourselves.

A LONDON milkman was recently fined £10 for selling a concoction composed of three parts milk to one of water. In our favored land a milkman who would be willing to stop at that point would be regarded as an ornament to society.

MACHINERY has reached a great state of perfection. We saw some burnt peas put into the hopper of a coffee-mill the other day, and in less than two minutes it was occupying a place in a grocery-window, labeled "Fine Old Mocha."

WIVES of candidates for office complain that their husbands keep them awake nights talking in their sleep, and saying, "What'll you take? Step up, boys. Come Dan, Jim, Ed, Mac, Fitz, Buf, Pat, the whole of ye. Gimme some whisky."

YEDDO, Japan, has no less than eighteen newspapers. The three dailies are respectively named "Nischinshinjishi," the "Tokionichinichi Schimbum," and the "Chinbansashi." It must be worth more than the price of the paper to listen to the newsboys yelling the names of these sheets. "'Ere's yer *Tok'o'chinchi'bum!* Hava *Tok'o'shinbum*, mister?"

THE FUTURE LOVE-LETTER.—"Dearest, believe me, I love you with my whole nervous organism. You share with no other being the emotions which pervade my undivided gray matter, and if I were conscious of a ganglion that throbbed not for thee, be sure I would not sleep until I had procured its neurotomy. Yours to the last atom, ——."

WHEN Young Greenman wore a tail-coat for the first time, he gave himself awful airs; and, wanting to pretend he had another party to go to, he approached his hostess, thanked her for a pleasant evening, and was going on with his story when she broke in with, "Oh, I am so sorry you have been sent for so soon." [Greenman left hurriedly.]

A LADY who was urging some friends to dinner, felt disgusted when her eight-year old came in and said, "Mrs. Jones says she can't spare no bread, and Mrs. Fox ain't to home, so I didn't get any butter." The friends thought they had better dine elsewhere, and the lady thought so, too, but she taught that boy that the way of the transgressor was hard.

A CONSIDERABLE coal owner was instructing his daughter, a little girl about eight years of age, in the principles of religion, and explaining to her the rewards and punishments of a future state. He told her, among other things, that the wicked would be sent to a large pit, where they would be roasted in an immense fire by evil spirits. She was very attentive, and after a pause, said: "Papa, what a good thing it would be if you could get them to take their coals of you?"

"YANKEE DOODLE."—In one of the scenes on shipboard, in Jules Verne's "Floating City," occurs a description of Sunday services in the cabin, the officiating party being "an intriguing Yankee, one of those ministers who exercise so powerful an influence over the States of New England." Take the following quotation: "The minister gravely buttoned his black overcoat, placed his silk cap (?) on the table, drew out his handkerchief, with which he touched his lips slightly, and, taking in the assembly at a glance, 'In the beginning,' said he, 'God created America, and rested on the seventh day.'"

SOME time ago a son of Auld Scotia arrived in Boston, and meeting an old friend, they foregathered into a saloon, to chat over the days o' "Auld Lang Syne." The new arrival called for refreshments, and the barman produced a large black bottle of whisky. Sandy asked, "Hoo much is that?"

"Thirty cents, sir."

"Thirty cents—fifteen pence—that's no oont o' the way."

Filling up their glasses, the barman essayed to remove the bottle; but the keen eye of Sandy observing him, he grabbed the bottle and exclaimed:

"Na, na, Maister Yankee, I may be green enough, but after giving ye thirty cents for yer wheesky, and to tak' it fra' us is oot o' the question!"

HIGHLAND TODDY.—The Highlanders, from habit, invariably mix their toddy twice as strong as the Lowlanders are accustomed to do. "I was once sitting," says a correspondent, "on the box of the Aberdeen and Banff coach, by the side of Charley, a well-known and respected dragsman, one very cold morning, when we stopped at an inn to change horses, and Charley informed me that we could get a 'drap o' real guide whiskey there,' wishing to know whether I would prefer it Heeland or Lowland fashion; 'for you ken,' continued the smiling John, 'the Heelander says a glass o' whisky and a glass o' water make very gude Lowland toddy; but a glass o' whisky and a glass o' whisky ding a' for makin' it real tartan toddy.'"

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

"Hark, my maiden, and I'll tell you
By the power of my art,
All the things that o'er befel you,
And the secret of your heart."

"Ah, you cheat, with words of honey,
You tell stories, that you know!
Where's the husband for my money
That I gave you long ago?"

"Coming still, my maiden, coming,
With two eyes as black as sloes;
Marching soldierly, and humming
Gallant love-songs as he goes."

"Get along, you stupid gipsy!
I won't have your *soldier*-beau;
Strutting up to me half tipsy,
Saucy—with his chin up—so!"

"Come, I'll tell you the first letter
Of your handsome *sailor's* name"—
"I know every one, that's better,
Thank you, gipsy, all the same."

"Ha, my maiden, runs your text so?
Now I see the die is cast;
And the day is—Monday next." "No,
Gipsy, it was—Monday last!"

A SNAIL SUPPER.

BY J. A. ARNOLD.

It was one cold night in December, 1873, in Paris, when the mercury was almost frozen in the bulb of the thermometer, that I found myself in the company of my friend Wagstaff on the Boulevard Poissonniere, on our return from the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, whither some novelty had tempted us to spend the evening. There is nothing like cold to stimulate the appetite, unless it may be a drama of horrors and a rattling farce afterwards. Sorrow and mirth are both exhaustive, and there is something in the very atmosphere of a theatre that disposes the gastric juice to flow into the stomach.

By one of those instincts which Edgar Poe attributes to one of his characters, I knew what my friend Wagstaff's thoughts were running upon. He was thinking of a lobster supper. Not that he is either a fast man or a gourmand, by any means; but he has lived long enough to associate the stomach of the brain with the stomach lodged under the ribs, and is alive to the fact that, when the former is full the latter is fasting. Of a sudden I *felt* that the current of his thoughts had entered a particular channel, but all my prescience did not prepare me for the proposition he placed before me suddenly.

"What say you to a snail supper?"

"With all my heart," I replied; which, on my part, was a piece of unsophisticated bounce, as my heart rather heaved at the notion; but my vanity of knowingness would not allow me to answer, probably, had he proposed a dish of grilled Salamander.

"Here we are, then, at the Faubourg St. Martin, and no one serves the dainty dish better than the rotisseur on the left."

We entered; he boldly and as one knowing the world and its contents; I timidly, as one on the point of making a doubtful experiment in gastronomics.

"A la poulette, or a la bourguignonne, shall it be?" inquired Wagstaff, of me.

"By all means a la poulette," I answered. The gods help me! I did not know the drift of the question, but the one word was easier to pronounce than the other.

The dish was ordered. There was some preliminary deglutition, and I did not dislike the Chablis.

Not long had I enjoyed the prologue of the feast, which was intelligible enough, especially the fancy roll of bread, when the waiter placed the dishes before us.

"Now settle to!" said Wagstaff, in a manner which, then and there, I thought especially cold-blooded.

"Capital; now for it!" I rejoined, as one to whom the dish was perfectly familiar; but I played with my fork and made various little delays, in order to see how Wagstaff commenced his snail supper. Certainly the dish looked very tempting. Wagstaff went to work with what is termed a hearty good will. I watched him for a few seconds. He evidently enjoyed, and no doubt with a heart grateful to Providence, the dainty placed before him. He did not turn black in the face. His hand did not tremble from the effects of a limaceous poison; his eye, perhaps, was a little brighter; but then that might be owing to the Chablis. I took heart of grace, and for the first time in my life a snail found its way into my stomach.

"Capital!" said Wagstaff, wiping his moustache, "done to the millimetre of a turn."

"Excellent!" I added, hypocritically.

Mouthful number one had done me no harm, and I used my fork bravely to consign another snail into the human laboratory. Strange to tell, I enjoyed the repast, and when my plate was empty, felt myself in the condition of one Oliver, wishing for more.

He must have been a man in desperate plight who first swallowed an oyster—no doubt a shipwrecked mariner on a desert island, who made the bold experiment in ostraphagy before attempting anthropophagy on the person of the black cook or cabin-boy who had been wrecked along with him. But a more desperate man must have been he who first swallowed a snail.

"Strange are the prejudices in food!" remarked Wagstaff, and thereupon he commenced an oral disquisition on the merits of mulefish, edible birds' nest, hedgehogs, guinea pigs and toadstools. "How we suffer through our ignorance and unreasonable dislike;" he continued. "How often has the world proclaimed famine in the very presence of dainty abundance! Locusts, for instance. They destroy square leagues of herbage; but they remain famous morsels for distressed agriculturists; and, dipped in wild honey, are luscious. Snails prey on our vines and cabbages. Why should we not prey upon the snail? Now you have been eating *escargots*. You don't find them amiss, do you?"

"Never better fare," I assented.

"Escargot is his French name; naturalists call him *Helix pomatia*, and now," pursued Wagstaff, pouring out another tumbler of Chablis, and warming with his subject, "and now I shall tell you all about him, over a cigar and glass of toddy at the next cafe."

The amount of Wagstaff's conchological information respecting the escargot, I sum up as follows:

For many years the snail has been an article of commerce for food in Paris. In former times it was only herbalists and druggists who dealt in snails, or escargots. The snail, pounded in a mortar, and then boiled with milk, was regarded as a remedy in phthisical diseases. Now, the escargot has its place in the fish market, along with crawfish and fresh water fish, and there are few restaurateurs upon whose bill of fare they do not figure.

Pliny informs us that escargots formed a dainty dish to the inhabitants of Rome. We know to what pitch the culinary art rose amongst the conquerors of the word. We know how they relished the oysters of Albion. Apicius, in his treatise on cookery, mentions no less than three principal sauces for snails, one of which, composed of sweet herbs, milk, butter, cheese, boiled wine, flour, and saffron, deserves to be mentioned.

In Paris, at the present day, we are not quite so fastidious. We eat them in general cooked on the gridiron or in the oven. *Escargots a la poulette*, of which I have partaken on the sly, and licked my lips after, are thus prepared:

It is premised that the escargots have been fasting for at least two months, to rid themselves of impurities. We boil them in a pint of water, with wood ashes and salt, until they can be drawn easily out of the shell. To proceed to this operation they are placed in fresh water, and as fast as they are untwined from the shell they are thrown into tepid water. When we have the required number together, we boil them for ten minutes; and then strain them. Next, we place them in a saucepan, with a piece of butter, and toss them well about, and afterwards add a tablespoonful of flour, and moisten them with half white wine and half beef soup, not forgetting to flavor the cookery with a judicious proportion of sweet herbs. In this state they are allowed to stew for two hours longer, and then they are tender; and then would the sight of them bring water into the mouth of a Roman Emperor, especially when thickened with the yolk of eggs, and further flavored with citron and verjuice.

By this time Wagstaff had finished his cigar. I had finished my second glass of of toddy, and (why need I blush to tell it, as almost every one in a cafe does the same?) pocketed the remaining lumps of sugar brought with the tray. Midnight had sounded at various intervals during twenty minutes, as the manner is with the clocks of Paris; and, thanking Wagstaff for his snail supper and discourse on conchology, varied with hints on cookery, I bade him good night near the Madeleine, and retired to my den in the seventh floor of the Rue du Rocher.

TAPPING FOR TODDY.

BY J. B. A.

Among the various novelties which astonish and amuse a new comer in India, is to stroll in the morning and witness the operation of tapping the cocoa-nut trees for the delicious toddy they yield. Talk about agility being confined to the monkey tribe, or lamplighters shinning up and down the lampposts—why, the toddy-man far surpasses the latter and fully equals the former. To see him climb up a cocoa-nut tree somewhere between sixty and seventy feet in height, and to witness his lightning-like descent, despite the coarse nature of the bark of the tree, is marvellous. It is difficult to conceive how human flesh and blood can accomplish such feats without being literally made mincemeat of. But he does it; and I never remember hearing of any accident during twenty years' residence in India. Long practice, however, and the natural suppleness of the Indians' limbs, enable them to accomplish what constitutes them, almost to a man, acrobats; and from early childhood they are reared to gymnastic exercises, which impart immense muscular power.

The only assistance or helping medium employed by the toddy-man consists of two long and strong belts made out of coir, twisted into stout ropes, and covered over with hides, to prevent the friction too speedily wearing away these supports, on the durability and strength of which the toddy-man's life or safety of limb depends. The largest of these belts, which open and shut with a powerful iron hasp, passes under the toddy-man's armpits, and is so large as to admit of his leaning back against it sufficiently to enable him to give every successive throw or climb he makes upwards a sufficient impetus from the clutch of his powerful hands and the encircling strength of his arms. The smaller belt is in like manner attached round his ankles. With these safeguards he throws up his arms as high as he can, and, getting a firm hold, hauls himself up rapidly; the naked toes of his feet help him materially in climbing up against the side of the tree, the two girths that bound him round the tree gliding up easily with him, and, when he at length reaches the top, constituting a species of easy-chair for him; for he rests his feet firmly against the lower one, and, leaning back against the upper, has the free use of his arms and hands whilst he detaches the toddy-pot from the sprout to which it is attached, and which, but for the operation of tapping, would have produced fruit in abundance; in short, the juice that oozes through the sprout is the sap that would have composed the pith and sweetness of the cocoa-nut and the delicious water which this fruit contains. The toddy-man carries a sharp knife in a girdle round his waist, and slung over his shoulder a large brass pot, into which he pours the toddy as he passes from tree to tree, and, possessing perfect knowledge of the exact quantity which his line of tope will produce, the brass receptacle is always large enough for the supply. Having emptied the toddy-pot, before replacing it he unsheathes the knife at his side, and cuts a small slice off the protruding sprout, and fastening the toddy-pot to it securely, slides down again to *terra firma*.

The toddy-man's greatest enemies, in places up the country, or isolated topes, are legions of monkeys, who not only drink all his toddy, and break the pots into the bargain, but twist off the heavy fruit and pitch them down upon his head if he shows any symptoms of remonstrating with a gun or a pellet bow. Indeed, their great predilection for the cocoa-nut is supposed to be the origin of that name being applied to this gigantic and elegant tree, it being derived from the Portuguese "macoco," or "macaco," which signifies monkey; and a monkey's skull bears always a resemblance to a cocoa-nut in that part of the shell where the three dots or scars indicate the spots through which the three embryos of the fruit would have been equally developed, but for the fact of two of them being constantly abortive.

And now for a glass of this exquisite toddy, after it has been duly strained through a sieve, to clear it of the thirsty flies that have tumbled in during the descent of the toddy-man. It is sweet; it is transparent; it is cool and harmless in the fresh state; and if you ask the toddy-man, he will tell you that the nectar of the gods of old never surpassed the toddy which his tope of trees produces.

STORY OF A DEVIL-FISH.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES FLOYD.

We had left Colombo, in the island of Ceylon, in the steamer Strathowen, had rounded Galle, and were well in the bay, with our course laid for Madras, steaming over a calm and tranquil sea. About an hour before sunset, on the 10th of May, we saw on our starboard beam, and about two miles off, a small schooner lying becalmed. There was nothing in her appearance or position to excite remark, but as we came up with her, I lazily examined her with my binocular, and then noticed between us, but nearer her, a long, low, swelling object lying on the sea, which from its color and shape I took to be a bank of seaweed. As I watched, the mass, hitherto at rest on the quiet sea, was set in motion. It struck the schooner, which visibly reeled and then righted. Immediately afterwards the masts swayed sideways, and with my glass I could clearly discern the enormous mass and the hull of the schooner coalescing—I can think of no other term. Judging from their exclamations the other gazers must have witnessed the same appearance. Almost immediately after the collision and coalescence the schooner's masts swayed towards us, lower and lower; the vessel was on her beam ends, lay there a few seconds, and disappeared, the masts righting as she sank, and the main exhibiting a reversed ensign struggling towards its peak. A cry of horror rose from the lookers-on, and, as if by instinct, our ship's head was at once turned towards the scene, which was now marked by the forms of those battling for life—the sole survivors of the pretty little schooner which only twenty minutes before floated bravely on the smooth sea. As soon as the poor fellows were able to tell their story they astonished us with the assertion that their vessel had been submerged by a gigantic cuttle-fish or calamary, the animal which, in smaller form, attracts so much attention in the Brighton aquarium as the octopus. Each narrator had his version of the story, but in the main all the narratives tallied so remarkably as to leave no doubt of the fact. As soon as he was at leisure, I prevailed on the skipper to give me his written account of the disaster, and the following is a copy of his narrative:

"I was lately the skipper of the Pearl schooner, one hundred and fifty tons, as tight a little craft as ever sailed the seas, with a crew of six men. We were bound from the Mauritius for Rangoon in ballast, to return with paddy, and had put in at Galle for water. Three days out we fell becalmed in the bay (latitude eight degrees fifty minutes north, longitude eighty-four degress five minutes east). On the tenth of May, about five P. M.—eight bells I know had gone—we sighted a two-masted screw on our port quarter, about five or six miles off. Very soon after, as we lay motionless, a great mass rose slowly out of the sea about half a mile off on our larboard side, and remained spread out, as it were, and stationary; it looked like the back of a huge whale, but it sloped less, and was of a brownish color; even at that distance it seemed much longer than our craft, and it seemed to be basking in the sun.

"'What's that?' I sung out to the mate.

"'Blast if I knows; barring its size, color and shape, it might be a whale,' replied Tom Scott.

"'It ain't the sea-serpent,' said one of the crew, "for he's too round for that ere crittur.'

"I went into the cabin for my rifle, and as I was preparing to fire, Bill Darling, a Newfoundlander, came on deck, and, looking at the monster, exclaimed, putting up his hand, 'Have a care, master; that ere is a squid, and will capsize us if you hurt him.'

"Smiling at the idea, I let fly and hit him, and with that he shook; there was a great ripple all around him, and he began to move.

"'Out with all your axes and knives,' shouted Bill, "and cut at any part of him that comes aboard; look alive, and Lord help us!'

"Not aware of the danger, and never having seen or heard of such a monster, I gave no orders, and it was no use touching the helm or ropes to get out of the way. By this time three of the crew, Bill included, had found axes, and one a rusty cutlass, and all were looking over the ship's side at the advancing monster. We could now see a huge oblong mass moving by jerks just under the surface of the water, and an enormous train following; the oblong body was at least half the size of our vessel in length and just as thick; the wake or train might have been one hundred feet long.

"In the time that I have taken to write this the brute struck us, and the ship quivered under the thud; in another moment monstrous arms like trees seized the vessel and she heeled over; in another second the monster was aboard, squeezed in between the two masts, Bill screaming, 'Slash for your lives;' but all our slashing was of no avail, for the brute, holding on by his arms, slipped his vast body overboard, and pulled the vessel down with him on her beam-ends; we were thrown into the water at once, and just as I went over I caught sight of one of the crew, either Bill or Tom Fielding, squashed up between the masts and one of those awful arms; for a few seconds our ship lay on her beam-ends, then filled and went down; another of the crew must have been sucked down, for you only picked up five; the rest you know. I can't tell who ran up the ensign."

CHINESE DOCTORS.—The Chinese doctor sells his medicine as well as prescribes it. He tells his customers what he thinks best for them or their friends, but it is very frequently the case that they make the selection. For instance, he may make up a prescription of ten or thirty remedies to be compounded, when the question will arise how much is this to cost? The physician makes as low an estimate as possible, and replies. The patient or friend may think it too high, that it cannot be afforded, and one article or another is thrown out to reduce the cost—often the articles most valuable to the patient. In some cases they cannot agree on a prescription or its price, and the patient deliberately gives himself up to die rather than pay the price demanded.

CONVERSATION is golden fruit when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but, if precipitated by force and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid in proportion as it is artificial.

EVERYWHERE endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

SALT IN THE SEAS.

Many people imagine that the ocean water is naturally salt, and will be surprised to know that the salt comes from rocks, and is washed into the sea. The sea depends on the disintegration of rocks on land for its saltness. It does not originate in oceans or seas. Rains wash it and hold it in solution as particles are liberated by violence, decomposition, and gradual action of many natural forces. All streamlets and rivers, therefore, are constantly transporting salt to the sea. If there is more than can be held in solution, then it accumulates in masses at very deep points, which, in the revolution to which matter is subject may again be a stratum of salt somewhere remote from where the mass was found. Thus the salt mines of Portland, Maine, and the vast horizontal bed of pure salt in Texas, as well as that mountain of rock salt in St. Domingo, were collected at the bottom of ancient seas, which are now dry land remote from water. There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from rocks is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it outward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed with the soil. The negroes of Kalliul, in Northern Africa, having discovered its distribution where there is no water to dissolve it in the ground, leach it. In that way they separate the salt. By evaporating the water holding it in solution, an excellent article for domestic purposes is produced. Salt pervades the earth. It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary as with ourselves for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply, and blindness would be universal.

WHINING.—There is a class of persons in this world, by no means small, whose prominent peculiarity is whining. They whine because they are poor, or, if rich, because they have no health to enjoy their riches; they whine because it is too sunny; they whine because they have "no luck," and others' prosperity exceeds theirs; they whine because some friends have died and they are still living; they whine because they have aches and pains, and they have aches and pains because they whine; and they whine no one can tell why. Now we would like to say a word to these whining persons. First, stop whining—it is of no use complaining, fretting, fault-finding, and whining. Why, you are the most deluded set of creatures that ever lived! Do you know that it is a well settled principal of physiology and common sense that these habits are more exhausting to nervous vitality than almost any other violation of physiological law? And do you not know that life is pretty much as you make it? You can make it bright and sunshiny, or you can make it dark and shadowy. This life is meant only to discipline us—to fit us for a higher and purer state of being. Then stop whining and fretting, and go on your way rejoicing.

SELF-EXCUSING.—The same vanity which leads us to assign our misfortunes or misconduct to others, prompts us to attribute all our lucky changes to our own talent, prudence and forethought. Not a word of the fates or stars when we are getting rich, and everything goes on prosperously. So deeply rooted in our nature is the tendency to make others responsible for their own misdeeds, that we lapse into the process almost unconsciously. Men scold their children, servants and dependants for their own errors; coachmen invariably punish their horses, after themselves have made any stupid blunder in driving them; and even children, when they have tumbled over a chair, revenge themselves for their awkwardness by beating and kicking the impassive furniture.

INDUSTRY may be considered as the purse, and frugality as its strings, which should rather be tied with a bow than a double knot, that the contents may not be too difficult of access for reasonable purposes.

THE true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

OUR lives are truly at an end when we are beloved no longer; the chilliness of the grave has been passed through.

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MYSTERY OF THE GREAT LAKES.

Lake Erie is only sixty or seventy feet deep; but Lake Ontario, which is five hundred and ninety-two feet deep, is two hundred and thirty feet below the tide level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the bottom of Lakes Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is so much higher are all from their vast depth, on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the River Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not improbable, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some such subterranean river; moreover, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

TRIFLES.—There are many little things in the household, attention to which is indispensable to health and happiness. The kind of air which circulates in a house may seem a small matter, for we cannot see the air, and not many people know anything about it; yet if we do not provide a regular supply of pure air within our houses, we shall inevitably suffer for our neglect. A few specks of dirt may seem neither here nor there, and a closed door or window appear to make little difference of a life destroyed by fever; and, therefore, the little dirt and little bad air are very serious matters, and ought to be removed accordingly. The whole of the household regulations are, taken by themselves, trifles—but trifles tending to an important result.

THOSE who have resources within themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most.

CONTEMPT blunts the edge of a keen lampoon better than reason; railing is no creditable qualification, for who flings dirt that has another weapon at command?

ADVERTISEMENTS

LADIES should be careful in selecting a toilet article for the complexion, and not be imposed upon by the vile liquid compounds which are so extensively advertised. *Madame de Rosse's Antheo* gives more satisfaction than any preparation now in use. Price, 50 cents. Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & QUERIES

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

The shop windows, like the trees, have begun to glow with their rich autumnal tints; and the gay blending of colors artistically disposed, reminds one of the shifting scenes of a kaleidescope. "The season," in the acceptation of the term, as known to the fashionable world of opera and party-goers, has opened with an unusual promise of brilliancy and variety of amusement. Modistes declare they are "up to their eyes" in work, preparing the various costumes for the promenade, for evening and reception wear.

As this is the time when such articles of the toilette as opera cloaks and party dresses are in great demand, it will not, we opine, be deemed amiss by our fair readers if we give a few suggestions concerning the like.

We saw a charming opera cloak, said to have been made at the establishment of the celebrated Worth, which we will describe in detail. It was made of the white woolen cloth known abroad as the "Bedouin cloth," and was a yard and a-half in width. Three yards were required to make the cloak. The shape was simple and easily imitated, and yet unusually elegant when finished and draped. It was cut in one long piece—straight, and the entire length of the three yards—and lined throughout with white matelasse silk. A heavy silk fringe was placed around three sides of the garment, the two shorter sides the width of the cloth, and one of the long sides, the length, in fact, of the cloth. The upper or untrimmed side had a large hook placed a yard from the end, and an eye to correspond a yard from the other end. When the two ends were hooked together, the yard of material between formed a most graceful hood, which was ornamented with three large flat tassels of Angora goat's hair and silk passementerie. A heavy silk cord, and tassels to accord with those upon the hood, was placed at the top, so as to tie loosely about the neck. The hood, being large, could be drawn at will over the head, as protection when going out into the night air.

A beautiful evening dress was made of rich amber silk, trimmed with bouillonnes of tulle of a bright sulphur yellow, caught here and there with trailing sprays of scarlet sage and the gray leaves of the foliage plant. A rich flounce of black Alençon lace, a half yard in depth, was placed above the puffings of tulle. A tablier or apron overdress of the same lace, and a berthe for the low neck of the waist, completed this very striking costume. Sprays of sage and gray leaves looped the overdress, and were worn upon the bosom and in the hair.

A dress for reception or dinner wear was made of mauve faille and pale lilac crepe de chene. The underskirt was of the faille, long, and with all the fullness confined to the back, which was laid in a large and triple box plait. The bottom of the dress was trimmed with a knife-edge pleating of the faille about six inches deep. Above this was placed a deep puffing of the lilac crepe de chene. Two upright ruffles of alternate crepe de chene and faille were placed above this puffing. The overdress was a long apron of crepe de chine edged with a heavy moss fringe of mauve silk. The apron was gracefully looped in folds at the sides, and fell in three plaits at the back, which was held in place by tapes sewed underneath. A sash of mauve faille edged with fringe fell over the back breadths. The corsage was *en basque*, made the cuirass shape and of the crepe de chene. A sleeveless jacket of the mauve faille wrought in a pattern of palm leaves, done in fine white jet, was made to be worn over the cuirass of crepe de chene. The sleeves were half tight to the elbow, falling from thence in a knife-edge pleated frill edged with narrower fringe than that upon the overdress. Bows of faille were placed at the elbow where the frill commenced, also down the front. A standing collar of the faille, ending in revers upon the bust, and lined with the crepe de chene, finished this very elegant costume. Double frills of silk tulle were worn inside the neck of the cuirass and the frill of the sleeves.

We must not forget to mention the bonnets and hats worn at receptions or for driving, or the theatre, etc. The newest French models are of the darkest shades of brown, blue, mauve and myrtle green, and are of the shape which has the new "halo" front. This front is lined with white silk. The outside of the hat or bonnet is trimmed with loops of white corded faille, pale pink or buff roses, and small white ostrich tips. Strings of white tulle or crepe de lisse are fastened under the crown behind, brought round and crossed lightly over the bosom in front, sometimes fastened there with a small cluster of rosebuds to match the roses in the hat. Long scarfs of white crepe lisse or tulle are often worn, wrapped lightly about the head and face, to the opera and theatre by Parisian belles. The effect is most charming when the face is fresh and youthful. Gloves for such occasions to be *en regle* must have not less than three or four buttons.

We have not space to allude very particularly or in detail to the beautiful new material so popular in Paris for overdresses and polonaises, and which comes in such charming shades—the genuine "cachemere de l'Inde," as it is called. It is much finer and softer than the cashmere we are accustomed to, and less heavy than camel's hair cloth. We shall give some descriptions in our next of the beautiful models in this material which we have lately seen. It is said soon to be the most popular material for wear abroad.

Chatelaine pockets and attachments for belts are more fashionable than ever.

We have been requested to give descriptions of underwear, which we will do in our next. By special arrangement we have obtained some very beautiful patterns and models for children's and infants' wear. We never neglect the little folks by any means, and provide as carefully for their trousseaus or outfits as for their mammas. NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ANNE.—When goods are sent "C. O. D.," or "collect on delivery," as the initials mean, the party to whom they are sent pay to the express company the amount which the bill for their purchase calls for. Certainly we can send you samples. Only tell us what kind you desire. A beaded belt and pocket would cost you from $3 to $8, according to the material of which it is made and the amount of work upon it. The price of a *good* piece of alpaca per yard would be from seventy-five cents to one dollar. Yes, we can purchase a gold chain and send by express. It would cost from $10 to $25 for a nice one, not very elaborate. We are very happy to answer your question, and are in no wise inconvenienced thereby. Write again.

MRS. NETTIE C.—Dress your little boy of four in the kilt suits described in our last Boudoir. Make his overcoat a long, loose sacque, with a dress cape. Gray or dark blue are nice colors for such a garment. Trim with braid of same shade and smoked pearl buttons. If you mean a paper pattern, we can send one for thirty-five cents. We will give in our next descriptions of such wraps; but if you are in a hurry to make yours, we would advise a long, loose sacque *without* sleeves, and with only armholes or slits for the hands and wrists to pass comfortably through. Make a very deep cape, and loop it directly in the middle, half way down the back, in two upturned plaits. The pattern will cost forty cents. Yes; send to us for paper patterns; we can furnish anything you need.

ANNIE L.—Wear your hair in a long plait, looped up, and tied with black or scarlet ribbon. The plait hangs low behind, uncomfortably low we think, still fashion decrees it.

MISS J.—Oxydized jewelry is not as fashionable as formerly, still many wear it. Jet is always fashionable, and Etruscan gold. Enameled sets representing flowers are very pretty, and stylish.

EFFIE G.—Pale blue combined with black velvet is very effective, and will be much worn this winter. It will be especially becoming to you, as you say you are fair, with a "little tint" of auburn in your hair.

I'VE LOST MY HEART.

BY ELLEN THORNTON.

Where is my heart? Alas! not here.
It wander'd from my careful keeping,
And "stole away" one summer's eve
When I was too securely sleeping.

I called it back. Ah, truant heart,
It would not heed the timely warning,
But vow'd, with many a blush and smile,
It would return before the morning.

The morning came; but not my heart;
I've never seen the wanderer since,
And can't forgive the faithless elf
For keeping me in such suspense.

I've lost my heart. What must be done?
'Tis plain I cannot live without it;
Perchance, some day it may return,
If I don't say too much about it.

And so I'll try to bear my loss,
My wounded feelings I must smother,
I may, perhaps, repair my loss,
And some day find myself another.
Will no one volunteer a loan
Until I can get back my own?

A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

BY JAS. ABBOTT.

Early one morning, some twelve years ago, when engaged in some government engineering works in Ceylon, I was aroused by my boy, and, hastily swallowing a cup of pure coffee, I jumped into my bath tub, and, in half an hour, I issued from my room, feeling cool and refreshed. I was quickly joined by my friend Dave, and, descending the stairs, we mounted our little ponies waiting for us at the door. Two natives carried our rifles, another our basket of provisions, and our body-servants rode behind us, with palm-leaf umbrellas to shield us from the rays of the sun.

A few hours' traveling under the guidance of Tamby brought us to a jungle, through the dense foliage of which the sun's rays scarcely penetrated. Trotting slowly on, we finally reached the borders of a small lake, around which a dense thorny jungle was growing, and it would be an utter impossibility to penetrate through it without being almost torn to pieces; but which afforded a safe retreat for elephants and other animals, upon whose thick hides the thorns would have no effect. Tamby informed us that we had reached the haunt of a rogue elephant; and, dismounting from our horses, they were led by our attendants to a cool, shady spot, and allowed to graze.

We laid in wait for him over half an hour, but no elephant made his appearance. Tamby was considerably chagrined at his want of success; and when I proposed to enter the jungle, he did not oppose it very strongly, merely saying, "Sahib, me know plenty men get killed so!"

But Dave was as anxious as myself to have a shot at any risk; and we prepared to enter the jungle, by crawling on our hands and knees. We had to trail our rifles after us; and it was anything but pleasant, working our way through. At any minute, a cobra di capello might spring upon us, or the small ground serpent sting us, resulting in a quick and horrible death. But it was too late to think of backing out now, and we pressed slowly on, making as little noise as possible.

Suddenly, Tamby stopped, and motioned us to be quiet. I listened intently, and I heard the leaves rustling. Cocking our rifles, Dave and I peered through the jungle, but so dense was the foliage that we could not see a thing. There were no trees, or anything which would afford us shelter, in case the animal was not killed by our first shots. Suddenly, we heard a peculiar "prur-r-r," followed by a shrill trumpeting sort of noise, and a terrible crashing sound, such as only an elephant could make.

"Fire, when you see him, Dave!" I shouted, fully alive to our danger.

"Sahib, sahib!" shouted Tamby; "two, three, four elephant—all run quick!"

But this was easier said than done. It's true the elephants had made a sort of lane or path through the thorny thicket; but the thorns and bushes had closed near enough to tear our clothes to tatters, and lacerate our skins, the pain of which we did not feel at the time, so intense was our excitement as we dashed through the jungle after them, Tamby using his hatchet to good effect on the creepers and vines in our road.

The elephants were flying at a great rate, and we could hear them crashing along, the noise growing fainter and fainter. Tamby cautioned us to be ready, for at any moment one of them might dash upon us.

It was now getting terribly hot, and the perspiration ran off me in streams. At last, we were gratified by the sight of an elephant ahead of us, jogging along through the jungle at a medium rate of speed.

"Now, Harry, the sport commences!" and with a reckless shout, Dave pressed on.

We at last came to a clear space, comprising several acres, covered with a high growth of lemon grass. Not an elephant could be seen, and I was looking in every direction, when a scream from Tamby, followed by, "Sahib, sahib, look dere, elephant comes!" caused me to turn in the direction indicated.

An immense elephant, who looked every inch the one we wanted, with his trunk high in the air, ears cocked, and tail streaming out, came bursting out of the grass, rushing straight towards me. Screaming with rage, he advanced at an awful pace; to escape was impossible—the grass was no impediment to him, but a terrible one to me. Dave, who had wandered off some distance, in his eagerness to get a shot, had heard Tamby's shout, and was very leisurely working his way back; but the elephant, in two minutes, would be upon me; and I really thought my last moment had come. The sensations that came over me were terrible in the extreme; but with a steady aim, and nerves like steel, I leveled my rifle at the rogue. On he came, with a speed far greater than I supposed an elephant was master of.

In another moment, with a scream of rage and triumph, he stood within three feet of me, and I fired full at his ugly-looking head, at the same time jumping to one side under cover of the smoke; but too late to escape a blow from his powerful trunk. Like a cannon-ball shot from a cannon, I felt myself hurled through the air, and I landed about fifteen yards from the elephant, on a pile of grass and leaves. He had struck me on the thigh, and I thought my leg must be broken. For a moment, I was bewildered, but I heard the huge monster beating about the grass in search of me, and bitterly I regretted my folly in coming after a rogue-elephant. I laid still as death, not daring to groan, nor scarcely breathe. Tamby had disappeared, and Dave was nowhere to be seen. Round and round he walked, beating the grass and earth in his impotent rage and fury. Suddenly I heard the report of a rifle! I saw the elephant strike convulsively once or twice in the air, stagger a few steps, and then, with a shock that shook the earth, he fell, crushing everything around him. At that instant objects became indistinct and swam before my eyes; and when consciousness again returned I found myself on a litter, beside the little lake, and Dave was bending over me anxiously, bathing my face with water.

"Are you much hurt, Harry?" he inquired, anxiously.

"No, I think not," I replied, "though I feel terribly shaken."

"No doubt of that. I thought you were killed at first."

"'Twas a narrow escape, anyhow."

The numbness had left my leg, but the pain was still severe. Luckily, no bones were broken, and, with the assistance of Dave's arm, I hobbled to where the horses were standing, and we slowly returned towards my bungalow.

On arriving, I rubbed my leg with some liniment, and the swelling and pain quickly subsided. I sent Tamby the following day to the scene of our exploits, and secured the rogue's tusks. Dave's shot had finished the monster. He arrived just in time to save me from a horrible death.

MY "PERSONAL," AND THE RESULT THEREOF.

BY CHESTER LINCOLN.

"PERSONAL.—*A gentleman, twenty-eight years of age, a merchant, rather tall and reasonably good looking, desires to correspond with a lady, of cheerful disposition and pleasant manners, with a view to matrimony. The advertiser does not require cash, but a companion. He is quite aware that a great many attempts will be made to convert his honest intentions into a joke, but as this notice is inserted in all sincerity, he warns those who are not similarly disposed in their answers to beware. He has a heart for the sincere, a horsewhip for the impertinent. In either case, all answers will receive prompt attention if addressed to O. K., office of this paper.*"

After repeated failures this was the result, and I felt rather proud of my composition. I had no very great idea that anything but fun would result; certainly not the slightest notion of involving myself in a personal collision with any one. Still the presentiment that it was not destined to be all a barren joke, pressed upon me. I was a bashful man, and my natural weakness had been greatly increased by a want of acquaintance with female society, which want arose from another cause—namely, too close an application to business. As I sat in my bachelor quarters, cheerless and solitary, one dull evening, after a tedious day's work, I thought to myself, "Is this to go on forever? Am I to spend my prime in days devoted to pouring over a ledger, and nights spent in devising how to increase the balance-sheet on the right side?" I sighed, not from love, but from labor; for to tell the truth, I had never been in love. I sighed again, and pitied my own lonely state, and pity we know is akin to love. But with my confounded timidity, which almost made me run at the sight of a bonnet, how was the matter to be accomplished? I had been too much occupied to devote the time and too bashful to make the effort to form an attachment. Most men at my age would have already settled the matter, and even in my case it was through no disinclination, for had any young lady of moderately agreeable powers taken the trouble, she might have married me long ago, and I should have been grateful to her—but I was too bashful to adopt the initiative. Accordingly, with no practical design for anything serious resulting, I determined to insert the foregoing notice in one of the papers, only, as I persuaded myself, for a joke. On Saturday the advertisement appeared, and I heard its style canvassed by many of my acquaintances, and it was suggested by more than one that I was the domestically destitute individual who put it forth. On Tuesday I sent my boy for O. K.'s letters, and he returned speedily with quite a number. It required but little penetration to discover the motive which prompted most of the answers—several seeking to elicit my name—still more suggesting places of meeting, where I was to exhibit myself with a red flower in my right buttonhole and a white handkerchief in my left hand. One, however, seemed to breathe an air of genuine sincerity. It was signed "Y. Z.," and proposed an interview in a neighboring village, about fifty miles from where I was living. She said there was something so honest and straightforward in my request that she was convinced it was real; at all events she was satisfied that I was a gentleman, and that she could rely upon my keeping her name secret, if after we met nothing came of the meeting. She modestly intimated that she, too, was tired of her lonely lot. She would, therefore, see me on a certain day at the Rainbow Hotel in the village of B——, and if mutual approbation did not follow the interview, why there was no harm done. Most people would have put this down as a trap or trick to send me on a "wild goose chase;" I did not. As luck would have it, business called me on the very day named into the immediate vicinity of the place of meeting designated in her note. A presentiment impelled me to accept and keep the engagement.

At the time of which I am writing the railroad did not run to the village mentioned, and the longest portion of the journey—it would seem ridiculous to call it that now—had to be made by stage. Keeping in view, also, my business engagement, I determined to start the day before the one named in the *billet-doux* of my fair unknown. There were but two passengers in the stage when we left the railroad station at X—— for the village of B——, myself and a pleasant, talkative, honest-faced old gentleman. Shy and timid in female society, I was yet esteemed animated and sociable enough amongst my own sex. We had no trouble, therefore, in making ourselves agreeable to one another, and it was not long before I discovered that my fellow-passenger was well acquainted with the parties with whom I had the business engagement. This seemed at once to serve as a satisfactory introduction and a mutual guarantee of respectability; so much so, indeed, that as the stage approached B——, and the old gentleman learned that I meant to stay there that night, he said that I would find it rather dull at the hotel, and he should be pleased to have me spend the evening with him. My "fair engagement" was not till the next day, and, as I liked the old gentleman, I accepted his offer. After a substantial supper, I gave some additional attentions to my toilet and started in search of my traveling companion. I had no difficulty in finding him out, for he was evidently a man of some importance in the place. My old friend received me heartily, and introduced me to his wife and three daughters—"Young ladies, whom an undiscriminating world seemed disposed to leave upon my hands," said he, with a merry laugh.

"Ah, papa," said the eldest, who, with her sisters, seemed to reflect her father's fun, and enjoy my embarrassment, "if you don't dispose of us soon it won't be your fault, for all your introductions sound like advertisements."

At the mention of this last word, I felt somewhat discomposed, and almost regretted my engagement for the next day, when that very night, perhaps, my providential opportunity had arrived. I need not trouble you with all our sayings and doings during the evening; suffice it to say, that I found them a very pleasant, friendly family, and was surprised to find how easily I forgot all my shyness and timidity, encouraged by their sociability and good-humored conversation. They did not inquire whether I was married or single, for where there were three young, pretty, unmated daughters the question might seem invidious. I, however, in the freedom of the moment, volunteered the information of my bachelorhood. I thought I had no sooner communicated this fact, than the girls passed round a glance of peculiar intelligence from one to the other. At that particular moment I cannot describe how very strange I felt. My sensations were between pleasure and confusion, as a suspicion flashed on me and helped, I knew, to color my cheeks. Presently the eldest, with an assumed indifference which visibly cost her considerable effort, asked me where I was staying and if I should remain over the next day.

"At the Rainbow Hotel," I answered, and added, with some embarrassment, that I had an important engagement there for the next morning.

It was with difficulty they restrained a laugh; they bit their lips and their eyes telegraphed to each other what to me were now easily interpreted messages. I had no longer a suspicion—I was certain. So, after having some music, as I rose to depart, with a tremendous effort, I mustered courage to say aside to the eldest:

"Shall O. K. consider this *the* interview?"

A blush of conscious guilt, I should rather say innocence, told me I had sent my random arrow to the right quarter; so I *pressed* the matter no further at that moment, but I did *her* hand.

I remained at the Rainbow next day until an hour after the appointed time, but no one—not *the* one, at all events—appeared.

"Well," thought I, brushing my hair and carefully adjusting my tie, "since the mountain will not come to Mohamet, why Mohamet must go to the mountain;" so I walked up the street to the house of my old friend. The young ladies were all in, and the eldest blushed crimson on seeing me. Shortly after my entrance the two younger excused themselves, on some trivial pretext about household duties, and left the room. I at once took advantage of their absence to say, "Y. Z. was not punctual this morning."

The crimson in her face was now so deep that a sceptic himself would no longer doubt. I need say no more; that evening, in her father's garden, she confessed that she and her sisters had conspired to bring me to B—— on a fool's errand, never meaning, of course, to keep the engagement.

"Then," said I, "since you designed to take me in, you must consent to make me happy." * * * * * *

"And what did she say, papa?" asks my youngest, who is now looking over my shoulder as I write.

"Why, you little goose, she promised to be your mamma, and she has kept her word."

A LINK BETWEEN HUSBANDS AND WIVES.—Blessed be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to bear each other's faults, or to forbear the causes of irritation, find solace for their pain in these golden links which still continue to unite them. On that they are one. *There* they can really repose. Those fragile props keep them from quite sinking disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how bright and blessed earth may become in pronouncing that little word—"Forgive."

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. O. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The Fashion Editress will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, and now in force, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four* pounds in weight, on payment in postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANNIE.—July 26, 1851, fell upon Friday, and November 12, 1853, on Sunday.

VERITAS.—There is some truth, no doubt, in phrenology, so far as forming an estimate of a person's character and disposition by the aspect of his countenance; but we must confess we have not much faith in phrenology when regarded as craniology, or judging by the bumps on a man's skull.

L. O. V. E.—We think the young man is in love with you, so far as we can judge from what you tell us, and the proposal he has made to you is a proof of his honorable intentions. If you love no one else, we think you would not be wise in throwing away such a chance; you say you already esteem him very highly as a friend, and esteem is more than half way on the road to love.

G. D. S.—The cost of an engagement ring should be made to depend upon the means and circumstances of the gentleman presenting it. It of course should only be given after the proposal has been made and accepted. There would be nothing wrong in your asking to be allowed to measure the lady's finger, but it would be much better to try and guess as to the size.

J. R. O.—For an engagement ring, the kind which is most fashionable is a solitaire diamond set in a slender band of gold, the price varying according to the means of the giver. Pearls are not suitable, as the water blackens them. In some countries the engagement or betrothal ring is strictly emblematic; pearls signifying purity; sapphires, love; emeralds, constancy; rubies, fidelity, and diamonds, hope. The opal is by some persons considered unlucky for such a purpose.

J. F. M.—Yours is a case of very frequent occurrence, and one on which we are frequently consulted, as any constant reader of our correspondence department must have noticed. You are favorably impressed by a young lady, with whom you are not acquainted, and you want to know how you may become known to her. There is only one legitimate way, as we have repeatedly said, and that is by introduction, through the medium of some mutual friend. If there be no mutual friend, then you must trust to the chapter of accidents, because we are totally unable to give any further advice on the point.

TRUE LOVE.—We are tempted to give the following letter just to show the precocity of young people now-a-days: "I am seventeen years old, and love a *lady* of fifteen. She professes to love me in return, and when we are alone she acts as if she does love me, but when in company with others she seems distant towards me. We were corresponding for some time, when she sent for her letters, saying I was corresponding with another lady. I told her I was not, and she appeared satisfied, but refuses to continue the correspondence. Now, what should I do, try to quit loving her, or what?" We would advise *True Love* by all means to "try and quit."

F. A. B.—The Polaris was a schooner of over four hundred tons, and sailed in June, 1871, on her expedition towards the North Pole. On the 18th August, of that year, she left Upernavik, in Greenland, after which no tidings were received until May 9th, 1873, when our Government was informed by telegraph from St. John's, Newfoundland, that nineteen persons, late of the Polaris, had been rescued from the floating ice in Baffin's Bay, by a British steamer, the Tigress, and had been landed at that port. From the evidence afterwards given by these survivors, the Polaris reached the highest northern latitude that has ever been attained by any Arctic expedition, viz., 82° 16'.

W. M. S.—It is a common thing for people when they have done anything wrong to do as you have done, try and excuse themselves because they were so constituted, and could not do otherwise. A very lame excuse, indeed, this. Beasts follow their instincts, but men have souls to guide them. We all know right from wrong. They cannot be confounded even in the minds of the ignorant. Whoever is doubtful about the propriety of any act he proposes to do, has only to ask himself whether he would approve such an act if it were done by another, and affected his own interests unfavorably. If his conscience says no, he had better leave it undone. If you had done this you would not have to cast about for all kinds of excuses to defend your conduct and good name.

CLARA G.—Has had an offer from a gentleman who is suitable in every way, except in the one fact of his being a widower, and she does not know whether she ought to accept him, as some of her friends have been telling her that "it is not possible for a man to love truly a second time." If that is your only objection against him, Clara, you need hesitate no longer. A man, (and a woman, too, of course,) can love truly a second time. Sometimes his affection in a second marriage is stronger than in that of the first, especially when in his second choice he is ruled more by his judgment than a passionate preference. It sometimes happens that the recommencement *de novo* of married life, gives the opportunity of avoiding many little failings long regretted, as having at times thrown a cloud over the previous union. As you seem by your letter to like the gentleman, by all means accept his offer.

MANHATTAN.—We have been at some trouble to hunt up the information which you asked for, and therefore you must excuse the little delay that has occurred in answering your letter. You wanted to know how many ironclads there were in Europe. At this moment there are 142 ironclads in all Europe fit to be placed in line of battle. Of these, England owns 38; France, 28; Austria, Russia, Italy and Turkey, 15 each; Germany, 8; Spain, 7; Denmark, 3 and Greece 2. The tonnage of the German ironclads and the size of their guns are, however, so uncommonly great, that though few in number, they are regarded as more than a match for any navy excepting those of England, Russia and France. In addition to these there are 103 iron-cased vessels in the different European nations for the defence of coasts, out of which France has 30, England 23, Russia 18. 431 screw frigates and corvettes make up the wooden army of European strength at sea. Here England, with 132 vessels, 5,670 guns and 50,700 horse power, has the first place. France, second on the list, has 52. Russia 48. Turkey 44, etc.

E. J. R.—"To get rid of freckles," make two quarts of clean soapsuds and mix with it half a pint of any pure spirit—and bathe your face in the mixture once every day, using a linen rag. This is said to be an excellent recipe for the purpose.

J. J. S. (Spring Valley, Minn.)—Thus writes us: "Many thanks for the back numbers of the POST, which I have received. Under the new *regime*, it is a wonderful improvement over the POST of a few years back. I never liked it as a literary journal heretofore, but now I go through it very carefully. Matter and typography are A1, which does a printer's heart good, of course, not to mention readers." We need hardly say that these lines of appreciation and commendation from one who is himself a printer and editor of a newspaper, in Spring Valley, are very gratifying, and we are glad that our unceasing efforts to improve the POST, and make it a first-class paper in every respect, have been so far successful. We know that our readers, who are not printers, think the same, for we hardly receive a letter in which the writers do not say something about the wonderful improvement and transformation which they think we have effected in the POST.

LATAL SHINNA.—We were very nearly writing *Little Sinner*, for that would have been a more appropriate name for you, for asking us such a question as "Would there be any harm in carrying on just a little flirtation with a gentleman who thinks himself irresistible, and breaking his heart, if possible?" Breaking gentlemen's hearts is a very serious matter, indeed, and we are grieved to see you make so light of it. What, however, if the gentleman should prove irresistible in this case, at all events? 3. We cannot speak too highly of the college you allude to. It ranks among the very best institutions of the kind in this country. 3. Yes, we pay for them all. 4. We thank you for your contributions to "Our Own Sphinx" column. Your solutions of the diamond puzzle and riddle, which appeared in No. 7, are perfectly correct. Now that the long winter evenings are so near, we feel sure that this department will prove a fund of amusement and instruction, too, to many of our readers, who, like you, are fond of puzzling over enigmas, etc.

J. H. T. (Bridgewater).—We have sent you the number of the POST which failed to reach you. You ask us for a good recipe for canning green corn. The following is said by those who have tried it to be a really good one, and far superior to the old method of drying it to preserve it: "Cut the corn from the cob and cook it in plenty of water; to every quart add one teaspoonful of tartaric acid, dissolved in hot water; put it in while the corn is cooking; cook half an hour, then fill your cans and seal while hot. To prepare for the table, pour off the sour water when you open your cans, and replace with cold water; add not less than half a teaspoonful of soda to every can; then let it stand for a few minutes; if the water looks too yellow pour off part of it and add a little clear, then cook, and you will have corn that tastes as fresh as if just picked. Or perhaps this would be a more accurate way: Dissolve two and a half ounces of tartaric acid in a pint of hot water; of this solution use two tablespoonfuls to every quart of corn while boiling, when open for use add not quite a teaspoonful of soda to every quart.

T. O. M.—You say that you have been visiting a young lady for some months, merely as a friend, however, and with no idea whatever of paying her attentions, but you have been told that your visits are beginning to be talked about, and you are afraid that the lady has become attached to you. As you yourself, however, have no feelings of love for her, you do not know what you should do, whether to go on or discontinue your visits, and want us to help you out of the dilemma you are in. You had no right to permit the lady whom you "like but do not love," to mistake for one hour the nature and object of your intentions. To allow an innocent girl to deceive herself into the idea that you are her lover and intend to propose marriage is ungentlemanly. You may be innocent—you may, as you say, never have suspected the existence of such an idea—but very few will give you credit for such verdancy. There are only two courses open to you: Either, having engaged the affections, and raised the hopes of the lady, you will feel yourself in honor bound to propose to her, or to discontinue your visits, and bring shame and well-merited censure on yourself by so doing.

MATTIE.—We don't see that we can do anything to restrain people from gossiping and tittle-tattling about your little love affair, for do it they will, in spite of everything. We perfectly agree with you, however, in all you say regarding this mania some persons have for gossip—we ourselves have known instances of dawning loves checked; unhappy loves made cruelly public; warm, honest loves turned cold, by this horrid system of gossiping about young or unmarried people. And if the love affair ever comes to a marriage—and the wonder is, considering these things, that any love affair ever does come to that climax at all—then how it is talked about! How one learns every single item of what "he" said, and "she" said, and what all the relations said, and how it came about, and how it never would have come about at all but for so-and-so, and what they have to live upon, and how capable or incapable they are of living upon it, and how much better both parties would have done if they had only left the choosing of the other to about four-and-twenty anxious friends, all of whom were quite certain they would have exactly suited somebody else, etc., etc. Your wisest course will be just to go on the even tenor of your way, utterly disregarding all you may hear, and let the gossip-mongers talk on to their hearts' content.

T. C. R.—If you will really take our advice, you will remain where you are instead of wishing to go to New York or Philadelphia, or any other large city in the hope of obtaining the kind of employment you want. You say you are making just enough to live on, and nothing more, where you are, and you think you can do better in a large city. It would be extremely foolish of you to give up a certain competency for a very uncertain increase, more especially in times like the present, when "to make a living and nothing more" is what hundreds and thousands in our large cities would only be too glad to be able to say they are doing. Besides, you have already established a business where you are, and in a new place you would have to begin all over again, with the added disadvantage of working among entire strangers. It is, we know, a very common, but, at the same time, a very erroneous and mischievous belief, among young people, especially, that if they can only come to any large city they will be sure to do well. The fact is that the avenues for labor of all kinds, in large cities, are overcrowded by applicants for employment, and for one case of success, there are hundred of utter failures, of which the world never hears. Industry and energy will just as surely bring their reward in smaller cities, or even villages, as in overcrowded cities.

R. W. M.—"I noticed in a recent issue that you offered to purchase some book that one of your correspondents had written about and send it to him, and thought I would write and ask you if you would do the same for anyone who asked you. Living, as I do, in a small country village, it is impossible for me to get sometimes articles that I would like to get, simply because either the prices asked were extortionate, or because they were not to be had there at any price. Now, if you really are willing to execute any commissions that are sent to you, I, for one, will be delighted to take advantage of it, and I am sure there are hundreds who, like me, have taken the POST for years back, and who will feel no hesitation in sending money to you, knowing that with you it will be perfectly safe, and laid out to the very best interests of those who send it. Let me know, please, as soon as possible." Yes, we have for some time past been executing commissions for some of our old friends, and seeing what a very great convenience it was to them, and also because we have been receiving of late an increasing number of applications and letters like yours, we determined upon extending the same advantages to all who might feel inclined and anxious to avail themselves of them. At the head of this department you will notice an announcement we have made of our Purchasing Agency. In sending an order to us, you should take special pains to describe the articles as accurately as possible, and send us the amount which in your judgment will pay for them. If you send too much, we will refund you the overplus; and if you do not send enough, you will be sure to hear from us.

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. S. F.—We know nothing regarding the institution you refer to, so cannot advise on the matter. LEARNER.—Harkness' Latin Grammar stands at the head of text books in this line. Madvig's is more elaborate and extensive. J. L.—All cosmetics are injurious to the complexion if used habitually. G. P. M.—R. S. V. P. are the initial letters of the French words "Repondez s'il vous plait," meaning Reply If You Please. HARRY.—1. Look in No. 13. 2. No, he should not write. 3. The hand farthest away from the lady. M. W.—The yellowish color of your skin most probably arises from derangement of your liver. You had better at once take medical advice. C. E. W.—There is no delivery of letters in any part of London on Sunday, so your informant is mistaken. HAYWOOD.—We believe the magazine is still published. If we mistake not, it has changed hands quite recently. Write again to the publisher. R. F. N.—Mixing more frequently in ladies society is the only cure. 2. New York City. NORMAN. (Phila.)—You did not complete your question, and we are, therefore, unable to answer it. Write again. W. B.—If you will forward us the story we will give it our best consideration. E. M.—Your wisest plan will be to have nothing more to do with him. He is only worthy of contempt. H. E. S.—No man of any self-respect would obtrude his attentions where they were evidently unwelcome.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*